

Vol. XV

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1905

No. 31.

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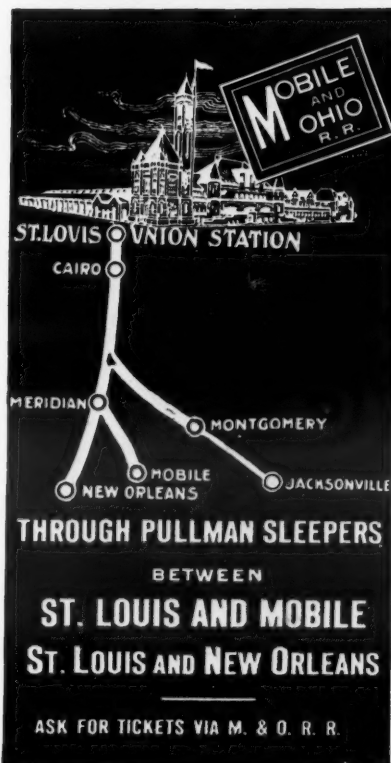
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# The Mirror

VOL. XV.—No. 31

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1905.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

## THE MIRROR

Published every Thursday at

N. W. COR. 10th AND PINE STS.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, A. 24.

Terms of subscription to The Mirror, including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the postal union, \$3.50 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, payable to The Mirror, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," The Mirror.

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## The Bond Investment Graft

By "The Sucker"

IT is understood that some of the bond investment companies are getting ready to "blow" to Chicago or elsewhere, and that the moguls of the North American, recently consolidated with the Colonial Security Company, contemplate starting a new similar enterprise in New York City after the two companies named shall have been merged with the Southern Mutual Investment Co., of Lexington, Ky. But if the companies transfer headquarters to Chicago they are still within the Federal jurisdiction, if they have committed fraud in the use of the mails, and if certain officials of a Missouri company go to New York they are extraditable for any fraud they may have committed in Missouri. The fact is that the bond investment business has been pretty thoroughly investigated by the postal authorities, and that they have endeavored to bring certain cases against the companies before the Federal Grand Jury here. The MIRROR has in its possession the substance of some of the testimony gathered by the postal authorities, testimony which those authorities have said is sufficient to indict certain offenders "ten times over," if certain other authorities had not intervened. Certain Federal officials have undertaken, as attorneys, to collect from the North American company money held from investors desirous of withdrawing. An official of the Colonial company is on record as declaring that it was at one time in some danger of trouble, but that later everything was fixed somewhere, somehow by somebody. There is a mass of material already testified to against the Colonial company which makes it seem marvelous that indictments have not been returned long ago against some of these investment financiers. Some of the material which it is understood is in the possession of the postal authorities is interesting.

It is stated that the Missouri inspector of Building and Loan Associations, Mr. Hickman, was appointed largely through the friendly offices of the Colonial president, J. H. Christopher, of Warrensburg, Mo. Mr. Christopher is also a friend of ex-Senator Francis Marion Cockrell, and when in 1903 the company was summoned to show cause why a fraud order should not issue against it, Christopher declared that it was only the friendly offices of Senator Cockrell at Washington that saved the concern from such an interference with its graft. It is said by one willing to swear to it, that the Colonial officials were often visited by the State inspector, who was extensively entertained, and occasionally given money in large bills, though for what purpose the affiant could not say. Officers of the company said several times, "It takes very much money for those fellows up at Jefferson City;" "They are holding us up pretty heavy." "They are doing the same thing in many of the other State capitals, as well as at Washington." These statements were made in 1903. When the postal inspectors claimed they had evidence of "a gigantic fraud," enough "to indict ten times over," but that others were standing in their way, and when inquiry as to the bond business was made at the District Attorney's office that official said that the companies were all right, and besides, they were operating under State inspection, which said they were all right.

All this matter of the Colonial's queer business

was talked over with Governor Folk, but that was while Mr. Hickman was inspector of Building and Loan Associations, and the Governor didn't want to do anything, as Mr. Hickman's term would soon expire and he (Folk), would appoint a man who would see that such business was conducted on the square or close up—or words to that effect. Gov. Folk's appointee has thus far taken no public action against these companies.

The extent of the Colonial's business has been immense. In the beginning of 1904 the collections in St. Louis were \$3,000 per week; in the State \$7,000; for the entire field about \$14,000 per week—or over \$700,000 per year. No wonder that last June one of the Colonial's superintendents, discussing the danger of trouble from the postal inspectors said, "We have too much money now. A few years ago they might have indicted the officers of the company, but we have too much money now. It's all been fixed."

It was very wise indeed in the local national bank president who was asked for a recommendation of the Colonial to decline to give it, saying he liked them as depositors all right, but he didn't know anything about their business and couldn't indorse it. A president of one of the trust companies likewise declined to write anything which might be construed as a testimonial for the company.

In January, 1904, the statement of the Colonial Company indicated the unaccountable disappearance of about \$400,000. The weekly income was about \$14,000—or over \$700,000—on the industrial bonds, and \$5,000 a month on ordinary bonds, or \$60,000 for the year. During the year they had paid, according to their own statement, to investors \$50,000, and added \$190,000 to their assets, but did not show what became of the difference. On February 16th, 1904, according to the statement of the company, there were 58,997 bonds in force.

The company had collected on these  
bonds.....\$1,411,609.70  
Interest due.....25,000.00  
Reserve loan to investors.....19,401.50  
All other liabilities.....28,822.28

Total liabilities.....\$1,484,833.48  
Total assets on same date.....573,963.80

Total deficiency.....\$ 910,869.68

But the real and actual value of those assets, as one qualified to speak, will testify, was only about \$285,259.

According to their contracts they should have had on the above date in the redemption fund.....\$ 399,667.00  
And in the reserve fund.....258,602.00  
Or a total of.....658,269.00  
in the above funds alone, which is over \$80,000 more than their entire assets.

The company, it has been testified, carried a good deal of worthless assets. It took notes from its agents for money advanced, and the agents left the company without paying up, and those notes were carried as assets. Some of these notes were from agents who had been out of the company's employ for one, two and three years, or more. When the agents took this money they were told that the signing of notes was only a matter of form; they need never to pay them. A piece of property at Pertle Springs,



said by competent appraisers to be worth not more than \$7,500, was accepted by the company as security for a \$35,000 loan to an officer of the company. This property was first transferred as the result of a bogus sale for \$100,000 in a saloon in Kansas City, at Eleventh and Walnut streets, to European parties who were to build on it a great summer resort, and it was said that \$10,000 earnest money was paid in the transaction. There was another queer loan of \$40,000 on property on North Broadway in this city in which investigation disclosed the absence of a perfect deed to the same to the person who secured the money, though the property was probably worth the money. These are details picked up from a heap of material easily accessible to the authorities in documents held by five or six or even more lawyers about this city who have had occasion to enter suit against the Colonial company. Besides, there are many cases on record in which transactions in the company's bonds violated all the provisions and restrictions which were designed apparently for the protection of investors generally.

Many of the bonds are supposed to be redeemed in their numerical order, but there are bonds of different sorts issued in various states, and the investor knows nothing of them in relation numerical or otherwise to the bond which he buys. When investors have kicked and threatened suit their bonds have been redeemed in blocks without regard to the numerical order of issue or to their sequence, or to the time of their maturity. Thus one batch of bonds numbered between 20,000 and 37,000 was redeemed one night before the day set for trial of an investor's suit, and the suitor made a profit of over 28 per cent on the transaction. So badly did the company want to avoid this particular suit that it demanded the bonds. Suits are settled or were settled at redemption value, no matter whether they had come to maturity or not, and without regard to number or date of issue. A dozen lawyers can furnish evidence as to such settlements, and two or three attorneys have records of a great many such transactions. When an investor got scared over his bonds and talked about suit he was threatened with prosecution for blackmail, but if he "stuck" he always got his money. Men of the company would take the bonds and claim to sell them to outside parties, but this was not true; the bonds were paid for by the company.

This company was up to every trick, apparently. Its officers would gobble up the frequently issued first numbers of new series. They would issue them to their wives, in their maiden names, to their mothers-in-law, to other relatives. They would give themselves and their relatives bonds that would be called in for payment in ten or eleven months. Then the officers would draw all the commissions that were supposed to go to agents, and thus pocket as high as three or four dollars for every dollar invested. The officers hired men to go out among investors, take up bonds approaching maturity and unload upon the investors new issues of bonds with very high numbers which could not mature, according to the calculations of actuaries, in less than forty or fifty years. The long time bonds were substituted for the bonds about to mature for redemption.

The agents of the company, and indeed, of all such companies, make any sort of representations to sell the bonds. The investors, trying to get out their money, went up against clauses in the bonds which showed the agents' lies—but the company triumphantly pointed to its printed statement that it was not responsible for the representations of its agents. There is, or was, one bond that could be paid for in weekly installments for a period of about six years. The bond was for \$100, its face value, for \$78 paid in, but when the bond was subjected to analysis it was found that it was not to be redeemed at the end of the premium paying period, but in numerical order as issued, which, in some instances, according to actuaries, would not be for forty or

sixty years. These bonds had on their backs tables showing redemption values, representing that the bonds could be surrendered any time after 24 or 36 months, for a sum indicated in the tables, when, in fact, whenever it came to the actual fact of redeeming before maturity the investor could not get more than about one-seventh of the sum indicated as the redemption value. The court records are full of suits brought by investors from all parts of the country, setting forth the absolute fraudulency of these representations as to redemption value. It's a strange thing that though many lawyers, having found out the nature of the Colonial's business through the cases brought by their clients, have tried to get the Federal authorities, postal and others, to take action against the Colonial and other companies, they have always run up against something that seemed to block every effort to bring the companies or their heads to justice. There seemed to be someone, somewhere higher up, who could stop proceedings. The company claims to have been operating under various names for thirteen years. Under some of the earlier names it is said the concern was the object of fraud orders by the postal authorities, possibly in 1887. The concern was cited to Washington to show cause why it should not be denied the mail, in 1901. It is said that one of the former officers of the company was indicted for fraud when he was "tontining" the public.

The company claimed to operate on the same plan as insurance companies, also that it is a savings institution. When the investor calls for his savings, he is told that his deposit was not a savings deposit, but an investment for which he must wait. The company claims to put up dollar for dollar received with the State Treasurer. It does no such thing. When the investor takes out a bond for which he pays \$1 per week, the company uses the entire first \$35 paid in for expenses, and then deposits only 25 per cent of the subsequent payments. In other words, after the investor has paid in for a year one dollar per week, or \$52, the amount deposited with the State Treasurer to "protect his investment" is \$4.68. The company claims it is only liable for the "reserve" under the law, yet no one has ever been able to find out what the "reserve" is, as there is no mention of it in the law.

There are in the City of St. Louis and State of Missouri a dozen or more men who can illumine the minds of any set of grand jurors on the methods of the Colonial and other companies in working their graft here for some years past. I believe that the postal authorities have a great pile of evidence from these persons, showing the fraudulent effect of the transactions with investors, and indicating or implying the fraudulent intent in such cases. Lawyers generally have discovered in their attempts to collect money from this and like companies for clients that the whole business is an elaborately constructed game to prevent the great majority of investors from ever recovering their money. The company only pays under threat of exposure in suits, and the evidence as to the settlement of these suits in many instances shows clearly that the company makes no pretense of abiding by any law, or method, or system of procedure of redemption laid down in their bond or any of the contract details designed even for its own protection.

In June, 1900, the Tontine Loan and Security Company of St. Louis (now the Colonial Security Company) sold O. E. Seymour, of Pontiac, Ill., two debentures of \$400 each, bearing the numbers 2442-3, payment upon which was to be made at the rate of \$2.50 each per month for 100 months. These bonds are similar, save in number. The face of the bonds contains eleven sections relating to the conditions of the transaction. The heading of the debentures read: "The Tontine Loan and Security Company will pay \$400, subject to the benefits, requirements and provisions printed herein or on the back thereof,

all of which is hereby referred to and made a part of this contract." The provisions of the various sections may be summed up as follows:

1—Debenture shall be surrendered for cancellation when called in by the company.

2—Twenty days' failure to pay installment shall incur a fine of 50 cents, and if delayed until the 20th day of the next month, will forfeit the debenture.

3—At the end of three years, or at the end of any year thereafter, the holder may surrender debenture, and receive from the "reserve fund its full reserve value, with 8 per cent interest."

4—Providing means of transfer in case of death of holder.

5—Debentures will be redeemed in their regular order—"first issued, first paid."

6—Forty per cent of each payment goes to the "redemption fund," and 40 per cent is reserved by the company for investment and deposit with the State Treasurer.

7—It is further provided that the interest earnings and a sum sufficient when added thereto to equal the full liability incurred hereunder, shall be loaned and invested in interest-bearing securities of the kind required by law, and placed on deposit with the State Treasurer.

8—The company can call in a debenture at any time by "paying its redemption value."

9—Transfers of debentures must be entered on the books of the company.

10—"The contract of this company is fully set forth herein. No statement made by any agent, representative or employe, except as stated herein, shall be binding on this company, nor has any agent, representative or employe any right to change, modify or alter any part hereof."

11—All payments must be made at the office of the company or to its accredited agents.

It seems that some two years after, Mr. Seymour purchased his debentures, he desired to dispose of the same and so informed the company. In answer thereto he received the following letter:

St. Louis, Feb. 26, '03.

O. E. Seymour, Pontiac, Ill.:

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 23d inst to hand. Your two debentures will not have a cash surrender value until 36 payments each have been made thereon. According to our records, you have made 32 payments to date. As soon as you have made the 36 payments on these debentures, if you still desire to cash surrender same, kindly communicate with us, and we will take the matter up with you.

Very truly yours,

TONTINE LOAN AND SECURITY CO.,  
By Stanley D. Pearce, Secretary."

It appears that Mr. Seymour made the payments suggested, and again communicated with the company. He received the following, written on the letter head of the company:

St. Louis, Mo., May 23, 1903.

Mr. O. E. Seymour, Pontiac, Ill.:

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 23d inst. with reference to debentures No. 2442-3 to hand. They have a cash surrender value of \$33.00 each, or \$66.00 for the two. If you will kindly forward your debentures to this office, properly endorsed, we will remit to you this amount. Very truly yours,

TONTINE LOAN AND SECURITY CO.,  
By Stanley D. Pearce, Secretary."

Now recall Section 3 of the printed conditions of these debentures. It says that at the end of three years, or at the end of any succeeding year, the holder may surrender the same and receive from the redemption fund "its full reserve value," with 8 per cent interest.

Mr. Seymour had already paid \$180 on his two debentures, and according to the terms of the same, was entitled to the "full reserve value," with 8 per cent interest added. The secretary speaks of the "cash surrender value," leaving the inference that "cash surrender value" and "full reserve value," with 8 per cent interest, are the same. In any event, the holder of these two debentures had paid \$90 on each and the company would not allow him but \$33 a piece for the two, a rake-off for the company of \$114, after paying the "full reserve value" of the two debentures, with 8 per cent interest added.

Mr. Seymour was still dissatisfied, and he entered suit in Justice Carroll's court of this city, where, October 12, 1904, he obtained judgment for \$408.



The Colonial Security Company appeared as defendant and took an appeal from the judgment.

The Colonial Security Company issues bonds in the denomination of \$100 to \$500, providing for weekly payments for 312 weeks, or six years, at the rate of 25 cents for \$100. A printed advertisement of the company running in a St. Louis daily newspaper gives its capital stock as \$2,000. This is undoubtedly a mistake. Other authorities give it as \$20,000.

The Colonial Security Company has had trouble in the courts in its own name. Two efforts have been made to throw it into the hands of a receiver, and both were dismissed. One of the suits bears the title of Lyman J. Callaway and others against the Colonial Security Company, and the other that of Joseph B. Thomure and others. This latter suit was heard last October on a motion to dismiss, which was granted. The petitions filed in these cases made sensational allegations. The first suit was filed by Attorneys Rosch and O'Connor for the plaintiffs, and the law firm of Johnson, Houts, Marlatt & Hawes appeared for the defense.

Several of the parties named as plaintiffs testified that they were ignorant of the nature of the suit instituted in their names. The defendants also pleaded that such proceedings could only be instituted by the Attorney General at the relation of the State. Callaway, however, got his money—about \$700, in return for about \$500 paid in. Callaway has another suit pending even now to recover money paid to the North American Investment Company.

Quite a number of lawyers have had dealings with the Colonial Security Company in trying to collect on bonds or debentures. Here is a sample letter, with some omissions, received by the MIRROR.

"Tacoma, Wash., June 27, 1905.

Dear Sir:—I purchased of the Tontine Loan and Security Company of St. Louis debentures Nos. 1114 and 1115, and paid \$2.50 premium on each per month from September, 1899, to February, 1905 inclusive, making 67 payments on both—total amount of premiums paid, \$335. Last February, before coming west, I needed the money, and was compelled to compromise through my attorney for \$275. . . . I think this is a skin game. . . . I don't think it would stand a thorough investigation.

Yours truly,

F. F. WENKLE."

The lawyer to whom Mr. Wenkle refers says that he only obtained this compromise by threatening to file suit. He also gives the names of several of his clients who have lost money by investing in the same company. One is a housemaid in the northwestern part of the city. She had paid 25 cents a week on ten bonds for over three years, aggregating over \$375. The Company offered her \$97, but her attorney, by threatening suit secured a compromise of about \$250.

Another woman who works in a factory and lives in North St. Louis, paid in \$150 and secured \$51 through the generosity of the Company.

Other cases could be given, but these suffice to show the methods of the company.

These companies, (for there are others in St. Louis doing business practically the same way) are supposed to be under control of the State Building and Loan Supervisor. Luther S. Hickman is the present incumbent of this office. In his last report he has this to say of the company singled out: "The Colonial Security Company, formerly the Tontine Loan and Security Company, having its principal office in St. Louis, Mo., has made a marked increase in its business during the past year." Then follows a table of the assets and liabilities under date of February 29, 1904, and a postscript of later date showing that the company's deposit with the State Treasurer had been increased to \$308,250.80. He does not give any details showing the methods of business followed by the company, or anything that could be deemed other than a boost for the company.

Lately, in an action that is being prepared against

another one of these St. Louis companies, the attorney sent two letters of inquiry to Mr. Hickman, desiring to know if the deposits made by the company with the State Treasurer were sufficient to cover its entire bond issue, or its actual liability. He replied in effect that the company deposited to cover its liability only.

This is another point of some importance. These companies appear to be the judge of their own liability. Take the case of Mr. Seymour's debentures. On the face, 40 per cent of the premiums he paid were to go to the "reserve fund" for investment by the company, and deposit with the State Treasurer. So when a man pays a premium, the company uses 40 per cent of it for investment and deposit with the State Treasurer, to make its own promises good. In other words, 40 per cent of what a man pays in is set aside as a guarantee of some sort that the company will do the square thing, and after all, the company is the sole judge of its own liabilities. In Mr. Seymour's case, \$72 of the \$180 he paid in during three years was held as a deposit by the State Treasurer, or its equivalent, to guarantee to Mr. Seymour that the company would pay him \$66.

And so this is what State Inspection amounts to after all. If the law does not call for anything else, it is not worth the paper it is printed on.

The bonds or debentures of all these companies are not redeemable until a "maturing number is reached." Who knows when a maturing number will be reached? Mr. Wenkle's debentures were Nos. 1114 and 1115. They were purchased in 1899 and had not reached a maturing number in February, 1905, although he had made 67 payments. As the Colonial Security Company places its miscellaneous liabilities, in a sworn statement bearing date, July 15, 1905, as printed in a St. Louis daily newspaper, at \$2,019,886.42, it must have a large number of bonds and debentures outstanding. The statement has been made that the amount is \$1,500,000.

This company says it will stand by its contract. What would anybody think of a bank, a trust company or even an individual who would transact business as the Tontine Loan and Security Company did in the case of Mr. Seymour? Would any solvent bank or savings institution doing business as a bank offer a man who paid it \$180, a settlement for \$66?

There is more evidence to blow this Colonial company out of business than could be printed in ten issues of the MIRROR of ordinary size, devoting the whole paper to the matter. There is proof that the Missouri law under which all these companies operate, was drawn by the men conducting the companies, drawn for the benefit of the companies and not for the protection of the investors. The money pours into the coffers of these companies in a steady, daily stream. The people give up their savings cheerfully to a lot of men who for the most part, are utterly unknown as men of responsibility. State inspection of the business is a farce as the State law is a fake law which means absolutely nothing.

All these companies operate largely through the mails. If the State laws which authorize the operation are bogus, but sufficient to protect the officers of companies from prosecution, so long as those laws are complied with, then the people must look to the Federal authorities for protection. The companies may consolidate and change names and move their headquarters as they please. Their bonds are still outstanding, and they are still taking the people's money. If the bonds are fraudulent, or the representations on which they are sold are fraudulent, the fraud persists and continues and no statute of limitations runs against the officials in any State or in the United States. As long as a dollar is received by a fraudulent representation the fraud is alive. And the frauds and fakirs can be brought back here for trial from Chicago or any other place to which they may have fled or may be now preparing to fly, from the exposures begun in the MIRROR.

The swindle based upon the desire of the people to save money, is one which is of patently wider evil than the swindle which works through the strength of a desire to get something for nothing. This bond investment business plunders the people who save. The authorities should stop it—no matter what influences interpose to protect the incorporated swindlers, in this or other States.

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## The Booze Club Nuisance

By W. M. R.

**S**O-CALLED social clubs are being organized, it would seem, in every city block, for the purpose of enabling members to get drinks on Sunday.

These clubs are invariably given charters on representations in which the purposes for which such clubs are formed are interpreted with a latitude that disgraces the intelligence and integrity of the courts granting the *pro forma* decrees.

Such club incorporations bring the courts into contempt, for they show a use of the courts to evade the plain letter and clear spirit of the law. Under such incorporations not only are Sunday laws evaded, but gambling is set up and flourishes, and licentious debauchery is often an outgrowth of the sociability there cultivated.

These clubs sell liquor to "members" without paying a license to the State. They sell it on Sunday when the law prohibits men who pay a liquor license from selling liquor.

That such clubs should flourish shows that the courts countenance hypocrisy and false pretense. It shows that the courts can and do wink at evasion of the law. The plan is an injustice to the saloon keeper, who obeys the Sunday law, and all other laws, and pays his license. A bogus club, which only disguises some individual liquor seller, can dispense beer and booze without any license whatever.

Saloonists in this city and State have been very generally law-abiding. That they should be made to suffer for obeying the law, through the legal encouragement of evasion of the law by unlicensed liquor-selling clubs, is little short of an outrage. The "lid" is clamped on the honest and decent saloon keeper. It is taken off for any group of loafers, gamblers, soaks, bums and pimps that can fee a lawyer to work a charter or incorporation through the courts.

The Circuit Judges, the State officials and the Excise Commissioner should shut down on these clubs. They can do so by the exercise of ordinary intelligence in investigating the character of the applicants for club charters, the location of the club, the purposes for which the club is alleged to be formed.

These social clubs make for immorality that is worse than drinking. They encourage bowing and carousing. They intensify every possible evil of a saloon. They are fraudulent on the face of the applications made for charters. They are against the interest of the license-paying saloon keeper and against the public interest. The saloon keeper is entitled to protection from the competition of unlicensed liquor selling on the day on which he cannot sell liquor.

Stop the chartering and incorporation of bogus clubs. Close up or shut down those already opened. If this be not done public morality will be better served by running the saloons wide open.



## Reflections

*Hail the Persimmon!*

THE Agricultural Department of the Missouri State University has issued a bulletin showing that this year's persimmon crop will be a record-breaker. Let not the effete East turn up its nose at this announcement. It may mean a good deal more than the casual observer thinks. There is something in connection with the big persimmon crop that may prove of interest to Governor Folk and other Sunday "lid" advocates. The Governor may be ignorant of the fact, but it is true, nevertheless, that an excellent variety of home-made beer can be brewed from persimmons and ordinary wheat bran. This is quite a common drink in the mountain districts of Virginia and West Virginia, where persimmons grow abundantly. It is easily brewed, and many of the Virginians in this State are skilled in the art, which can be imparted to others in a few words. Some may be curious to know if persimmon beer will produce a drunk. It certainly will, if imbibed in sufficient quantities, and the drunk has staying qualities, too. All authorities agree, however, that persimmon beer is wholesome and invigorating if used in moderation. It is to the Fall what sassafras tea is to the Spring. The jag it will produce is likened to that acquired by imbibing too much hard cider or sour wine, tending to make a prohibitionist rather than an inebriate, out of the victim after he recovers from his first experience, if he ever does, for some wise people say that, once jagged on persimmon beer, the longer you live the drunker you get. The formula for brewing this beer at one's own fire-side could be given herewith, but not knowing if Governor Folk would grant an indulgence—plenary, of course—for drinking persimmon beer on Sunday, it is withheld out of deference to him and his Sunday dry disciples. Meantime, the Sunday thirsty will tender a vote of thanks to the Agricultural Department of the State University for gathering such valuable statistics touching the persimmon crop. It is not every State University that would voluntarily incur so much trouble and expense. Heretofore, the Missouri persimmon has been regarded by most people as being of value only for fattening 'possums and pickaninnies. It has never been listed as a marketable staple on the Merchants' Exchange, nor have the bucket shops ever skinned the unwary out of a nickel gambling on the price of persimmons. The fruit grows wild in Missouri. Any one may go into the woods or even into fields, and gather it, unless the 'possums and pickaninnies have been there before him. The persimmon is truly nature's gift to man, and in the rural districts it may be had without money and without price. If it should turn out presently that the modest persimmon is really a panacea for a Sunday thirst, then look out for the formation of persimmon stock companies, and eventually a persimmon trust. In the fall there will be a mad rush from the cities to the country. Men and boys, armed with baskets and sacks, will scour the wood and vale, will knock the persimmons with clubs from the runty, scraggy trees, and gather them with sticky fingers from the diamond-dewed grass, and returning home laden with the precious fruit, will hurl defiance at Governor Folk and the lid advocates. Brewery stock will take a tumble, the Merchants' Exchange will post puts and calls on persimmons, the bucket shops will gamble on futures, persimmon bond investment companies will rob the verdant with securities guaranteed to make the promoters rich and the investors poor, and the schwabenfests will go

begging while the thirsty celebrate the Persimmon Festival. Persimmons don't ripen until the first frost, but when they do! They are the translation into savor of the mellow, sweet poesy of October air and soft sunlight and dreamy haze, and all the riot of autumnal colors of the woods. Persimmon beer is the distillation of the essence of the miracle-time of Indian Summer. Missourians can manufacture and sell upon Sunday as well as any other day, persimmon beer, just as the Missouri wine grower can sell wine without a license on that day. Therefore Governor Folk cannot prevent the manufacture of home-made persimmon beer, and its consumption on Sunday. It costs next to nothing, and is always given away in the country, just like hard cider. What is still more important, the persimmon crop was never known to fail in Missouri. One does not require a brewery plant worth 'steen million dollars in which to brew persimmon beer. An ordinary cooking stove will suffice. None is so poor in this State that he need be without it. The expenditure of a few cents will produce a barrel of 42 gallons, warranted to produce a jag for each gallon, and usually a much less quantity. Meantime, some one should start a movement for the establishment of a chair of Persimmon Culture in the State University. If that institution, through its Agricultural College branch at Columbia, should really be the cause of lifting the Sunday lid in Missouri, other universities would have to take a back seat, no matter how many millions Mr. Rockefeller might give them. Our university, known as the Persimmon Beer University may yet be a real rival in popular affection with the Standard Oil University at Chicago. It has vindicated the persimmon—the fruit of the common people. Next it will proceed to bring our luscious paw-paw to the fore as a fruit too long neglected. A good drink, a drink that will give one a very vertiginous "whizz" can also be made from the paw-paw.

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### *Elucidating the Wilde Mystery.*

OF late, and only too late "discoveries" and "appreciations" of the genius of Oscar Wilde, there is no end. Most of them discover too much and over-appreciate. But Mr. Percival Pollard is no repentant flagellant of the dead stylist and paradoxist and critic, now come whining to exalt what before he de-based. Mr. Pollard has written an introduction to Brentano's edition of Wilde's "Intentions" that will thoroughly and sanely explicate that iridescent mother-o'-pearl book of essays in which the soundest criticism is injected into the reader in the guise of the most atrociously extreme paradox, and with the last emphasis possible to the exotic manner. Mr. Pollard will reveal to us Wilde in his role of "the critic as artist," and explain why it is that the author's habit of saying things reversed, inverted and perverted is the one only very method by which his criticism of the times and the work of his contemporaries most surely conveyed the lesson to be inculcated. Wilde was the prophet of protest against Philistinism, and he argued by the method of shock to preconceptions. Mr. Pollard is himself one of the few real critics of art and literature in America. It is he who does the criticism for *Town Topics* in a manner to make us absolve that periodical of its sins, real and imaginary. He will write of Wilde as Wilde should be written about, in the dry light of the analyst of the subtle values and without either the brutalities of those who see only the sins of Wilde or the eighteenth century dainty, *morbidesza* romantic and sentimental, sensitive, man-of-feeling enthusiasm of Mr. Michael Monahan of the *Papyrus*, whose tribute

"Oscar Wilde's Atonement" is a contemporary classic. It is doubtful if there will be anything more left to say in elucidation of the Wilde mystery after Mr. Pollard has done with his vivisection of the very soul of the "sad, bad, glad, mad" genius, "the wittiest Irishman since Sheridan."

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### *Picnic Provender in Politics*

SENATOR STONE stole softly into the city early last week and fraternized with the statesmen who have fled the Planters as headquarters, and gone to the Laclede. The Planters isn't headquarters since "Harve" Salmon's bank went "bust," after being broke for twenty years. Jeffersonism simplicity has come into vogue again, and the "wah-hosses" have returned to their first love, the hostelry of Joe Griswold. The Senator remarked to the statesmen there assembled that he had been unable to hear any discordant sounds among the country Democrats. The Senator has been attending barbecues, picnics and old settlers' reunions all summer. Men who are full of barbecued meats, fried fish, pumpkin pie and hard cider, invariably take a rosy view of everything. This wholesome country feed seems to have chased a great many wrinkles from the Senator's brow, and gum shoes. It is even said that he held a pleasant two hours' conference with Gov. Folk the other day, all of which speaks volumes for the peace-producing effects of picnic grub. He feels good, too, because Col. Bill Phelps, his ancient enemy, is in Europe with "Dick" Kerens, who didn't get to the Senate, even though Phelps tried to put him there by beginning war on Stone. But soon, alas, too soon, the picnic season will end. And Phelps will return. Senator Stone will then return to a city diet. The farmers will have garnered their corn and sold their fatted hogs and cattle to the beef trust, and then a mighty roar will go up against the octopus. The first few frosts may put so many wrinkles in the Senator's gum shoes that his tread will resound from Jefferson City to St. Louis. There is a lull now, superinduced by picnic viands and big crops, but when Jackfrost puts in an appearance the plowshares and pruning hooks will be beaten into swords, and there will be a sound of grinding knives throughout the State. Senator Stone is full of country victuals and good humor just now. Presently he will return to Washington, to tough beefsteak, trust made sausage, breakfast foods and the limitless idiosyncrasy of the communications of his constituents. Then he will tune his harp to accord with the farmer who feels that the trust has swindled him, and maybe, also, with the old machine men who don't like to see ex-Congressman Vandiver occupying so much space in State politics. The Senator is almost too genial upon a full stomach. Gov. Folk, looking upon him, may possibly reflect that he looks "too good to be true." Still there's nothing for Stone to do but pat his paunch—yes, he's getting one—sit back and roll his eyes upward in ecstasy of satiated appetite and give his consent to the drift of things, just as there's nothing Gov. Folk can do but let things take their course. He has the State Committee and the whip hand. He has the people at his back and beck. Things are a-coming easy for him. Senator Stone himself is not more surfeited with the irradiating comfort of picnic provender than is Gov. Folk with the satisfaction of being the man who must be seen before anybody's political plans go through in Missouri. Bill and Joe are temporarily, at least, *en rapport*. And why not? Bill is called "Gum Shoe," but does anyone tread more softly than Joe Folk? And if Bill be suspect of a knife up his sleeve, is not Joe feared for a big stick behind



his back? I would not cry with Horace, "*par nobile patrem*"; but they are much alike indeed, similarly conditioned psychologically and environed by like necessities and exigencies which make their present sleekness and sleepy calm ominous because of the uncertainty when the wild passions of politics will break forth with fierce burst of "ancestral voices prophesying war." Meanwhile "Pants" Vandiver looms up at the head of the committee and wonders whether it is really time that he will be elected Governor next time on the theory that the State ought to do something for a man who looks as he does. He, too, is full of picnic provender. All Missouri leaders are simply floundered. Their calm is due to the effect of that virtuous fruit, the prune, so much in evidence at country hotels. Democracy is in a sort of siesta of surfeit—and "the Gaul is at the gate." Senator Bill Warner has a boom for the Republican nomination for President.

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#### *Folk Paid for Speeches*

It is said to have been discovered that Governor Folk is paid for the speeches he is making in his little flying trips outside the State. Horrible! The Governor should not do this. He should stay at home and drop around every now and then into the offices of the railroad lawyers and negotiate little loans to keep him going. Such a fine sense of fitness and honor have most of the fellows who are criticising Folk for taking pay for his addresses. It's been a long time since Missouri had a Governor like any Chautauqua or other organization of intelligent persons ever knew about, much less cared to pay money for an address.

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#### *Tubbs Who Tackled Tips*

DR. ALONZO TUBBS, of Gasconade County, wants to be United States Marshal of the Eastern District of Missouri. A good man, doubtless, and yet we fear he will not realize his ambition. For it was Tubbs who, as a member of the Missouri Legislature, tried to enact a law making it a misdemeanor to give or receive tips. Will the administration dare to defy the Waiters' Union? Dr. Tubbs is a man of deep thought and high courage. Likewise was he an incorruptible, though egregiously Republican, legislator. Moreover, he rose superior to his name, which in sound suggests and invites to ribaldry of comment. He went up against a great evil single handed—and empty handed—and alone. His bill in the legislature failed, and the tip-taking servitors of the public much rejoiced thereat. We fear that these same people will unite as one man to oppose Tubbs of Gasconade. And yet a man who will do what Tubbs did is just the sort of man President Roosevelt would be likely to like. Tipping is a custom that has made for an offensively un-American sycophancy and subserviency in the American people. It has debauched servants and servitors. It has cut down wages. It has made the public pay the wages that the employer should pay, as, notably, in the case of the Pullman car porters. It has grown into a great and grave nuisance on every hand, and created in the tip-giver an uncomfortable contempt for the tip-taker. It has created a class of aristocrats of persons who give foolishly large tips. It has made the untipped servant malicious and ugly. It has increased the cost of living for almost every one. That a person waited upon in some special way should pay therefor is not to be disputed, but that a waiter or other servant should be paid by each one he serves in addition to the pay he receives from his employer is an absurdity. The time will come when the more intelligent of the waiting or

serving classes will see that Tubbs was their friend. It will not be long until the employer will reduce the waiter's pay on the theory that the tips given are sufficient and employment will be bought of employers, a price will be paid for places fecund in tips. When this comes about the public will learn of it, and the size of the tip will diminish. The tipper will give coppers where he now gives dimes, and the servant's compensation will decrease, until he will have to live on earnings such as satisfy his class in Europe. The tip is going to degrade the receiver, in the long run. It may be, therefore, that recognition of Tubbs of Gasconade will be based upon his forwardness in recognizing and trying to prevent a sociological development not in harmony with the American spirit. The President, we believe, is himself a tip-giver, but so are we all, and yet there is not one of us who does not feel that since the tip has come to be so generally expected, the pleasure of bestowing it has largely gone. The tip has become an exaction, an extortion, regardless of its amount. When it was given spontaneously and received with recognition as a mark of good will there was some pleasure about it, but now, when nine men out of ten give a tip, not because they want to, but because they have to, the custom has become a burden to flesh and spirit. We hope and trust that Dr. Tubbs will get the marshalship, but we hardly believe he will. The tip-taker vote is too strong. Not that it could overawe the President, but because the party leaders will not dare antagonize it by recommending Tubbs. If only the tip-takers knew, Tubbs is a name onomatopoeically symbolical of their best interests. They, like good tubs, should stand on their own bottoms, as it were, straight up, and not go cringing and fawning for a coin on one who yesterday was no more than they, and to-morrow may be less. Dr. Tubbs has seen a great moral, economic light on the tip question. The eyes of others are not yet equal to taking it in, but some day he may be honored all the world over as the friend of the serving man not less timely than was Plimsoll the friend of the sailor man who goes down to the sea in ships.

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#### *Business Socialization*

AN anonymous correspondent attacks the editor of the MIRROR for his socialistic tendency. He might as well indict the whole nation or the city. All men, classes and interests are getting together. Take St. Louis, for instance. You'd think that people going into business would want to get into neighborhoods removed from other men in the same business. Such is not the case. Competitors want to be close together. Factories, of course, want to be near the railroad tracks on which all have equal facilities, but the reason is not so plain as to other businesses. Why, for instance, are all the better time payment furniture houses on Olive street, between Tenth and Twelfth streets? In the same neighborhood are gathered all the piano houses. Along Washington avenue the great wholesale dry good houses make a characteristic district of their own. The jewelry stores are all drifting to Locust street. Pine street, from Tenth street west, is becoming a street of electric appliance houses. Real estate men have pre-empted Chestnut street from Sixth to Twelfth. Big grocery houses huddle together at Cupples' Station. Retail dry goods stores are all close together in all big cities. Shoe stores are close to one another on lower Olive street. The chair and furniture factories are all in one North St. Louis district, and the shoe factories are found in patches or groups in various directions. It is evidently good for a

business to be carried on as close as possible to other houses devoted to the same business. The purchaser goes from one house to another with the smallest waste of time, until he finds what he wants, and no matter how business men may compete they are always ready to help and glad to be helped in filling out an order in some particular on which one house or another may be shy. They receive shipments from the railroads on an equality of time consumption. They find that the closer they are together as a business class of common interest the better they are off individually. If this were not true a man, for instance, wouldn't pay higher prices for leases of land or rents in the district given over to those with whom he intends to compete than he would have to pay for quarters where he would have no competitors. He knows that those who have established themselves there and have already drawn customers to that quarter will draw business to him when he is in the neighborhood. Each helps all, and all help each. They work in a sort of solidarity that is promotive of the fullest play for individuality. You can't stop the socialistic tendency. It is present, working in the trust development. It is present in every organization of related businesses. It is shown in nothing more than in the grouping of certain businesses into districts in every city. Such grouping is a general convenience, and the experience of man has found it so ever since he began living in cities, for there were streets given over to certain trades and stores in Athens, Rome, Alexandria, and there are such groupings of like businesses in all the modern European capitals. Socialism doesn't mean the utter annihilation of individuality, nor even of competition. It means an arrangement whereby there shall be established by government no advantages of one man over another. It is an aspiration for a fair field and no favor, with the State so constituted as to equalize conditions in the contest, so far as may be. This, at least, is the socialistic ideal that is practical. An empiric, absolute socialism with the State doing the business and men only its perfunctory agents, is not practical because the logical result of such a system would be the paralysis of effort and business stagnation. The MIRROR is in favor of so much socialism as will give the individual full play for his individuality under conditions making for so much solidarity as may be the natural result of an equalization of opportunity through State functioning.

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#### *Mr. Kortjohn's Counsel of Wisdom*

WITHOUT any predilection in favor of "the lid," the MIRROR presents in another column a strong answer to the critics of Gov. Folk's enforcement of the Sunday law, by Mr. Henry Kortjohn. Mr. Kortjohn is of German antecedents. He is a beer-drinker in moderation. He was the attorney of Charlie Schweickhardt, who conducted the ever-to-be-lamented refreshment Cottage in Forest Park. He is a well known and generally esteemed lawyer. His defence of Gov. Folk for all these reasons is of interest to the public. His advice to those with whom he has been generally identified in sentiment and race feeling is utterly incontrovertible. His intimations to the brewers and the saloon men on the matter of the law are charged with good sense and good policy. They talk of the law's repeal. They may get it. But if they agitate for repeal they may get a worse law for their interests. Mr. Kortjohn's letter is a superbly sane presentation of the case. It were wiser for the liquor interests to listen to his advice than to heed that of men only anxious to tell those interests what they like to hear. Those others only tend to intensify antipathy to liberal customs of



life, while such views as those of Mr. Kortjohn are apt to dispose the less fanatical approvers of the lid towards countenancing, in the near future, such modification of the Sunday law as he expressly favors in his lucid and logical communication.

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#### *The Love-Poisoned Cup Story*

MANY inquiries have been made whether "The Romance of Tristan and Iseult," which will come to an end in the next issue of the MIRROR, will be republished in book form. It has already been issued in a pretty and limited edition by Thomas B. Mosher, 45 Exchange street, Portland, Me. Mr. Mosher's delectable reprint from a very rare issue of the original is limited to 925 copies, and is sold at \$1.25. The "Romance of Tristan and Iseult" has been a most successful serial in the MIRROR. It has been the cause of appreciative letters innumerable to the editor. The quaintly chaste yet colorful style of the narrative has given unbounded delight to real lovers of literature, and especially pleasing has been the testimony of many good people that their boys and girls were much taken with the tale and the manner of its telling. Those who have relished the olden tale, with its store of tragic power and its curious fidelity to life, in the columns of the MIRROR, owe most thanks to Mr. Mosher, who dug it up in a musty book shop in London, and shared the little treasure with the world. The first edition of this little classic was of only three hundred copies, and they sold at five guineas a copy, a number and price practically prohibitive to the great masses of book-lovers. So good a thing did not deserve to be hid from the many, and be the delight of the exclusive few. Mr. Belloc will be remembered by this little translation, probably, when his "Danton," "Robespierre," his travels and his recent novel are long forgotten, though all his works are vividly sprightly, spontaneous and of an oddly youthful exuberance bursting through a staid philosophy. In the opusculum soon to be regretfully dismissed from these columns he has produced something for which when we look for something comparable we can only turn to the work of William Morris, or to the wonderful rendition of "Aucassin and Nicolette," by Andrew Lang. I hope that many of the MIRROR readers who delighted in the story will pass it along in book form to their discriminating and discerning friends, and particularly to boys and girls who will thereby be set properly on the trail of the true romance which leads to the "Morte d' Arthur" and on to "Froissart" and North's "Plutarch," and the first English "Don Quixote."

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#### *Arbitrary to Go Into Hiding*

THE esteemed *Post-Dispatch* continues to clamor for the abolition of the charge for transporting merchandise over the bridges to or from St. Louis. The charge will be "absorbed" before very long, all but two railroads in the Association having agreed to do so, but the charge will be in the freight bill just the same. There's only one way to make the Mississippi bridges at St. Louis absolutely free. That way is for the city to buy the bridges and terminals and operate them so as to exact nothing on the freight shipped into or out of St. Louis. The city can run the bridges, the tunnel, the terminals as well as it can run the water works or its steam railroad from Bissell's Point to Chain of Rocks. The *Post-Dispatch* is possibly right in its theory that the terminals can be operated without a tax on St. Louis shipments, but it does not go far enough with its demand for a remedy. If the city should control bridge and terminal rates it should take charge of the properties

altogether, and run them as a part of the city's machinery. What's the use of half-way measures such as control of rate-making? Why not take over the business altogether? The *Post-Dispatch* is afraid of its own logic. It will find when it "wins its fight" that it has won nothing, for the bridge arbitrary will go, to be sure, but it will only go into hiding. Merchants and manufacturers will not be satisfied with such a method of "abolishing the arbitrary." Indeed, I very much doubt that a majority of the city's merchants and manufacturers are so much worried about the arbitrary as some of the agitators claim. Several of the bigger ones were caught not long since trying to work a scheme to secure rebates by organizing their own transfer companies, and they were very mad when the Supreme Court said they couldn't do business as private transfer companies, and at the same time refuse to accept the obligations and responsibilities of common carriers. Business men who are not howling about the bridge arbitrary are the best ones. They are out hustling up business. There's a great deal of bluff and buncombe and hot air over this bridge arbitrary question and all this comes out when one summarizes the whole situation with the only possible remedy of municipal ownership of the terminals. An "absorbed" arbitrary will stop the howl, but it won't help business. Business has to be gone out after, and if gone after, it will be gotten in a volume so great that bridge charges will be too small a matter to worry about. There's a great deal of "guff" in the warfare on the Terminal Association. If the fight is anything else, let the agitators formulate a plan for city ownership of the bridges, tunnels, terminals, yards and Union Station. That once done, the city would have the railroads where it wants them, and could make rates as it pleased, even to running the plant at a loss for public benefit, as the United States government runs the post-office.

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#### *Without Hope of Resurrection*

CERTAIN Democrats figure that this city is inevitably lost to their party at next election as a result of the lid. Therefore they withdraw and turn over the machinery to Mr. Governor Folk. When defeat shall come to his management, the withdrawers will raise up a mighty recall for themselves. A nice little plan with Dave Francis, Sam Priest, *et al.* behind it. But four years is a long time to wait. And once a crowd lets go of a machine it is not often that control of it can be regained at will. And defeats are no more certain to come as anticipated, than victories. Those who think they are stepping down for Mr. Folk, only to come back as saviors, are mistaken. They are stepping down and out for good—for everybody's good. They will never return to fatten on the graft they fostered until it destroyed them. All the bosses who think that they will be recalled to repair the follies of Folk's friends are badly fooled. They're dead ones for whom there is no resurrection.

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#### *Why Kiely Shouldn't Go*

A TIP from Jefferson City to the MIRROR is that Chief of Police Kiely "must go." This should not be true. Kiely is as good a chief as the superiors he has had would let him be. He has done what a chief is expected to do—obeyed orders. Those who don't like what Kiely has done will find that any other chief will do like things. Ninety-nine things out of one hundred that a police chief has to do please nobody. He is where he is to do other things than shows favors. Kiely has faults, but he's a big man, and he has both courage and intelligence. The people who want Kiely out are not the friends of good

government. All the people who want Kiely in are not the enemies of the Folk administration. If Matt Kiely is let out of the chieftaincy the act will be a great mistake. It will not be good for the police force. It will not be good politics. And if the man tipped off for the place to the MIRROR should get the place the head of the department will be a man secretly bound to the interest of the bitterest enemies of Folk, and one against whom there can be made a good *prima facie* case of a too great sympathy in the past for influential law-breakers and professional semi-criminals. If Governor Folk wants the police force straightened out he has only to appoint a board that will show it means business, and Kiely will break the backs of those who hope to keep the police as a machine to hoist Folk when the time comes.

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#### *Free Speech—Nit*

Is freedom of speech abolished in St. Louis? Two socialist orators have been arrested for making speeches on Twelfth street. They were not inciting to violence. They were not in any sense obstructing the thoroughfare to the disadvantage of pedestrians. Yet they were pinched by a cop and fined in the police court. They had no permit from the Mayor. Since when has our little, our very little, Mayor the right to suppress free speech on the public streets? Certain kinds of street corner oratory may be a nuisance at times, but the mere fact that a street orator has no permit from the Mayor doesn't constitute him a nuisance. It is the Mayor who is a nuisance when he thus interferes with the rights of citizens.

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#### *A New Daily*

AN interesting bit of local gossip is to the effect that Mr. John Schroers of the *Westliche-Post* is to begin the publication of an English daily newspaper, in association with several gentlemen formerly identified with the *Chronicle*. It is rumored that Frederick W. Lehmann, the reformed corporation lawyer, has been considered for the managing editorship of the paper.

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#### *A Book I Couldn't Read*

WILL some one please make out an impeccable formula for a good book? There's "The Garden of Allah," by Robert Hichens, over which half a dozen of the best literary critics of the United States have written almost rapturously, hailing it as "great," "sumptuous," "glorious," what not. Yet I tried three times to read it, and could not get beyond page 100. I have asked others about the book, and they have said they found it as impossible as I did. Surely a book so highly praised as "The Garden of Allah" has been, ought not to be an utterly stodgy bore to others who have successfully wrestled with difficult literature of all kinds. To my thinking Hichens' "splendors" in the book under consideration are as tiresome as some of the rococo gorgeosities of Marie Corelli or Hall Caine. But then, I enjoyed Chesterton's "Napoleon of Notting Hill," and have been in danger of personal violence from half a dozen friends to whom I recommended it. Clearly there are books that are not for me at all, how goodsoever they may seem to you, and *vice versa*, though it remains a mystery why a novel that enraptures thousands is impossible to a few—and impossible as a story, not as to its literary quality alone.

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#### *School Marm and Millionaire*

OUR daily papers devoted a column each to the marriage of a Cahokia school teacher to a millionaire. I can't see why. There's nothing unique or particularly fine in a school ma'am marrying a mil-



millionaire. Much finer to me is the case of a brave and bright little pedagogess I know who is to marry a man who works with his hands and is blessed with all the manful inelegancies of the artisan who is, nevertheless, a gentleman. Any school teacher would—or shall I say could—marry a millionaire. (I believe any woman can marry any man in the world if she makes up her mind to do so, and can get near enough to him.) The little woman, though, who is to marry the man who wears overalls and whose hands are rough from constant use, who says to her ambitious, snobbish, priggish friends that “can’t understand it,” that she knows they can’t and that’s why—that’s the woman for me. It takes a real woman to take a man who doesn’t meet the superficial requirements of the sex, to take a man who isn’t romantic or dressy, or “handsome as a god,” or wealthy, or a professional man, (often just hanging to the fringe of a profession), or one of family who can improve her position. There’s no objection to millionaires as such. Some of them, many of them, in fact, are bully good fellows, straight and sound and clean, but a millionaire and nothing else—God save us! The little teacher who, with all her brains, with her advanced ideas drawn from the evangelical anarchism of Elbert Hubbard, with her book-savor and her opinions, takes a man who works with his hands and gets himself all mussed up in doing it, and is only a serious, affectionate, sincere fellow, without much concern for theory or anything else except how best to take care of the little woman—she’s the real thing—he’s the goods. Damme, sirrahs, this thing of applauding a girl because she nabs a rich man is not a tribute to womanliness at all. It’s just plain, common, old, sordid sex-chicane complicate with selfishness—most of the time—and not at all admirable, or cute, or pretty, or tender, or sweet, or anything that we like to think of as characteristic of the woman we all love.

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MYRON T. HERRICK, of Ohio, might, with profit, remember the course of Grover Cleveland under somewhat similar circumstances.

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#### *How and Why Frauds Flourish*

JUDGE MCPHERSON, of the United States District Court said, recently, that government officials are investigating about one hundred and twenty-five St. Louis concerns that are supposed to be doing a fraudulent business of one kind or another. As the number of government inspectors is limited, the task here indicated is one of impressive magnitude. Think how long the Lewis bank, with its related schemes, was permitted to run before the government forced it to close. Some of the concerns now believed to be under investigation have almost as powerful political ramifications as the Lewis Bank had. It will be months before the government reaches them in the ordinary course of its investigations, and in the meantime, they will continue to reap a golden harvest and receive protection from the daily papers that carry their advertisements.

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#### *Attorney General, Take Notice.*

THERE is a field open for Attorney-General Hadley in which to perform a meritorious public service in the matter of looking into the affairs of some of the bond and security investment companies of this city. The law requires a deposit from these companies with the State Treasurer sufficient to cover the risks of home investors. As the law is interpreted by at least one big company in St. Louis, the person who invests one dollar has

25 cents of this, or its equivalent, placed in the keeping of the State Treasurer to indemnify the investor against loss of the 75 cents in the hands of the company. This sounds farcical, but it is true. Moreover, the company does not construe the law to mean that it is required to deposit any security for investors outside of the State. If the Attorney General will look into these bond and security investment companies carefully he cannot but be convinced that they are operated solely for the benefit of the promoters and to the detriment of a class of investors which, above all others, should be pro-

tected. There are plenty of lawyers of reputable standing in St. Louis who will furnish the Attorney General all the information he may need and the names and addresses of poor persons who have been robbed by these concerns.

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REV. BILLY PALMORE is a preacher and follower of Christ. It is not of record that Christ ever insulted anyone, especially a woman.

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GRAFT in all the big insurance companies. The first element in high finance seems to be low morality.

## The Auto No Worse Than the Horse

### *As Dangerous to be Careless With the One as With the Other*

IN view of the accidental deaths this summer of several persons more or less conspicuous while touring in motor cars, the impression has spread that automobiling is an extremely dangerous pastime. One frequently hears some person, who perhaps has never ridden in an automobile but has just read about an accident to some speeding motorist, say:

“No, thank you! None of that automobile foolishness for me! The good old faithful slow going nag is good enough for yours truly. He may not get over the ground so fast, but he is surefooted and reliable, and you may be reasonably sure when you start out that you will come home with a whole skin and no broken bones.”

But it is only those who are unfamiliar with motoring that make such speeches. Devotees of motoring maintain that automobile touring is really no more dangerous than driving spirited horses—is, indeed, if anything, less dangerous. The popular belief to the contrary, they hold, is due largely to the fact that the newspapers throughout the country pay comparatively little attention to accidents to horse drawn carriages and the people who drive, but play up the newer kind of accidents, just as a few years ago every time a bicycle caused a horse to shy, the fact was reported in certain newspapers.

To a New York *Sun* reporter who put to him the question of comparative safety, Emerson Brooks, treasurer of the Automobile Club of America, and an enthusiastic motorist, said:

“I have driven horses hundreds of miles—through the Catskills, the Adirondacks, the Alleghanies, in the Rocky mountains, over all sorts of roads, in many parts of the country—in dangerous situations many times. And I have driven a motor car even further, toured in various parts of the land—I have only just returned from a four hundred mile trip in a touring car.

“Now, my own experience leads me to say that the one is as safe as the other, provided the motorist uses reasonable care, does not lose his head and does not become possessed by a mania for speeding faster than he knows is absolutely safe in the circumstances. In my own experience I have had more accidents, and more serious ones, in driving horses than in motoring. But, of course, all experiences are not alike.

“We see more in the papers about automobile accidents than about those to drivers of horses, but I don’t believe there are any more of one kind than the other, really. There are fool horses as well as fool chauffeurs. Horse drawn carriages are sometimes hit by railway trains, too. We don’t hear so much about it, perhaps, because it is an old story.

“There are, in New York State especially and indeed in almost all States, far too many railroad crossings where one cannot see or hear the approach of a train until he is within ten feet or so of the track, and most bad accidents happen at just such places. Such crossings should all be abolished. It is wrong,

it is criminal to permit such railway crossings to exist a day.

“In a case of that kind perhaps the horse is safer than the auto, unless the latter is driven by a very careful man. For you have the horse’s intelligence to help you. He will jump back if he sees danger, and his nose is several feet in front of the driver.

“But if the motorist is as careful as the driver of a horse in approaching such crossings there is no more danger. The great majority of accidents at railway crossings are the result of careless haste to cross ahead of the train. The chauffeur thinks that he can get across in plenty of time, and so he goes ahead, and the train, which was coming faster than he realized, hits him.

“Most accidents to horse drawn vehicles are caused in the same way. In short, the majority of accidents of all kinds to vehicles is due to recklessness. Eliminate reckless driving and you will practically end catastrophes.

“Take it all in all, I should say that the automobile is no more dangerous than the spirited horse. Nor, perhaps, is it any less dangerous.

“A good horse needs careful handling; he is often easily scared, and while he has intelligence, which sometimes is a help, you must watch him carefully. You cannot drive him close to a snorting steam roller with a slack rein, for instance.

“If you can be sure that your machine is all right in every part, that there is no possibility of breakage anywhere, and if you are sure of yourself, that you cannot lose your head at a critical moment, you are safer in an automobile than behind a horse. For you have absolute control of the machine. It cannot possibly do anything you do not want it to.

“A great many accidents to automobiles and to horse drawn vehicles, too, are the result of ignorance on the part of the driver. An ignorant driver will do things which no man in his right mind should ever do. My wife was badly injured once in a runaway because the driver tried to drive the horse after a whippetree broke. Of course, the horse took fright, bolted and ran, and the driver dropped the reins. As a result my wife, who was in the carriage, was badly hurt.

“In the reports of accidents to motor cars the cause oftenest given is that the steering gear got out of order. I think people say that whenever they don’t know what the matter is. I do not believe the steering gear gets out of order once in a hundred times when that is assigned as the cause of accident.

“I never had a steering gear break or get out of order with me, and I never knew anybody who ever had such a mishap. None of my friends ever had anything happen to the steering gear when motoring. The trouble nine times out of ten is that people lose their heads. They turn on full power and then set the brakes.

"I have had to get out and hold by the head a frightened horse while a train was passing and while my family sat in terror in the carriage. I have seen men try to hold rearing and plunging horses when everybody else got as far from the vehicle as possible, where the danger was very great indeed.

"And I have driven a motor car where it would have been impossible to drive a horse—for miles along a railroad track at dead of night when we could see absolutely nothing but the great headlights of on-rushing locomotives. There was no danger at all; you knew you were not on the track, and if the appalling headlights rushing at you unnerved you, all you had to do was to stop a moment, deliberate and keep cool. But a horse would have been simply unmanageable.

"The whole question may be summed up by saying that motoring is not a bit more dangerous than driving, provided the motorist keeps his head and makes allowances for necessary care at 50 per cent. greater speed; in other words, is sure that he is going no faster than is safe under the circumstances.

"The desire for speed, the mania for breaking records, is one of the most prolific causes of accidents to the automobilist. Desire to break a record will cause a chauffeur to throw caution to the wind and run his car faster in any and all conditions than is safe.

"There is the cause, certainly, of more than half of all automobile accidents—running faster than is safe in the circumstances. Only the other day I saw a chauffeur run his car with the wheels on one side in a muddy, slippery gutter. The wheels kept skidding along, and finally over the machine went. He was not going very fast, but he was going too fast for the circumstances.

"Another thing: You hear of few accidents to small automobiles; most of the mishaps occur to the larger touring cars. One reason for this undoubtedly is that the small cars have no separate brake—the driver can keep his foot on the brake and slow down or stop by pressing it down hard. He does not trust to an emergency brake.

"In the larger cars which have an emergency brake the driver depends on it, and permits himself to go faster because he believes he can apply that brake quickly if it becomes necessary. But the time comes, perhaps, when he cannot put his hand on it in time to prevent accident.

"It is very easy to speed a motor car faster than safety in the circumstances warrants; touring cars are capable of a high rate of speed; they are made for getting over the ground much faster than horses can travel. And because it is possible to go much greater distances in the same length of time greater speed is desirable.

"Setting out on a driving trip with horses one may plan to travel, say, thirty miles a day, whereas with an automobile he will plan to go from sixty to a hundred miles a day. Then if anything arises to cause delay, the temptation is strong to put on extra speed in order to make up time and keep to the pre-arranged schedule or plan. The accident happens when one disregards dangerous conditions.

"I am glad to see that there is unmistakable and increasing evidence, that the public authorities, and the courts especially, are coming to realize that it is not speed, but recklessness that they must fight and ward against. Speed in itself is not the source of greatest danger either to the motorist or to the non-motoring public.

"There are conditions and circumstances when it is perfectly safe to run a car at a high rate of speed. In recklessness on the part of the motorist lies the real danger to himself and to the public. Reckless driving, not speeding, is the thing that should be punished, and, so far as possible, prevented.

"In some conditions there is far greater danger in driving a car at the rate of eight or ten miles an

hour than there is in running it at twice or three times that speed in other conditions. And I am glad to say that the courts are beginning to realize this fact and to render their decisions accordingly, not alone in New York, but in other parts of the country as well."

When it comes to the consideration of comparative comfort, the touring car and the horsedrawn vehicle are as far apart as the poles, according to motorists. Said another enthusiast:

"There can be no possible question that the touring car is far and away more comfortable than any horsedrawn conveyance that was ever made. The carriage equipped with rubber tires is of course much more comfortable than the old-fashioned iron-tired buggy, but to compare the automobile with even that is to compare the old jolting stage coach with the Pullman palace car."

And he went on to point out that the touring car of to-day is made for comfort. It is built with a long body, with great distance between the front and rear wheels, which is conducive to smooth and easy riding. Its cushion tires; deep, soft cushioned seats; mud guards, canopy top, glass screen in front to shield the occupants of the car from dust and dirt and wind; its shock absorbers, many other accessories and its roominess all make for the comfort of the passengers.

The number of comfort securing devices applied to automobiles in the last few years is surprising. Clocks, mirrors and pockets for every kind of article that can conceivably be needed on a tour are now among the regular fittings of the touring car.

Automobiles have been built with a convertible bed or berth at one side, to be let down like the berths in a modern sleeping car, and in which the owner can sleep at night while on tour if he chooses. Some are equipped with stationary wash basins in a corner or under a seat, and indeed with all the toilet arrangements to be found in the modern railway sleeping car.

Touring in automobiles is becoming an increasingly popular way of spending a summer vacation. Trips of 400 and 500 miles are probably the most popular among owners of motor cars, and such trips are made now in practically every part of the country.

Three Boston men last summer fitted up, on a touring model, a motor camping car which proved practicable and in which they spent the month of October in a most enjoyable outing trip through New Hampshire and the Maine woods. They built a strong frame 16 feet long, 4 feet 10 inches wide and 6 feet high and roofed it over with waterproof carriage leather.

From the frame they suspended, four feet below the roof, a spring bed 6 feet long and 4 feet wide, supplied with a hair mattress and blankets. Curtains made it possible to turn the body of the car into a cozy and comfortable room.

Under the bed they stored an aluminum camp outfit, clothing, gasoline and provisions. An electric heater was used for cooking purposes and as a radiator when so needed.

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## Kindly Caricatures

[17] Richard Bartholdt

THE whole world knows him as a champion of peace, second only to Roosevelt. He is named as a candidate for the principal Nobel prize for the greatest work of the world during the past year. In the little town in Germany where he was born, the inhabitants have put a memorial tablet on the house that sheltered his parents. He has been twice or thrice received by the Kaiser. Roosevelt knows and admires him of old, for he drilled Roosevelt in the German language when Roosevelt was an Assemblyman at Albany. He's the friend of the immigrant,

He's the champion of personal liberty, the man in Congress to whom the brewers look for protection against all the sumptuarians.

That's Richard Bartholdt, M. C. To us at home he's only Dick.

When first he flashed upon us here, he was a weird fellow. Wore red neckties, high-water pants. Spouted socialism. Drank beer at the little Market street saloons. Was a proletarian right and proper. A bully Bohemian he was, too, philosophizing over his beer and denouncing the *bourgeoisie* and predicting Utopia.

One day he was elected to the School Board. He had brains and fine social qualities. "The boys"—for "the boys," in those days, were in it in the School Board—took him up. The gang made him President. And he was a good one. The schools were well managed, but the gang had the spoils and Dick Bartholdt was all right with all the politicians.

Gradually his socialism, seemingly, began to wash out and fade. Beer rarely does that, you know, but by this time Dick had risen to champagne. He was living in the district where St. Louis beer is mostly made. He was a liberalist. It was made a Republican district—gerrymandered that way. The brewers liked Bartholdt. He was nominated and elected. He has a mortgage on the job—or had.

The boys are souring on him—some of them. They say he's getting "swelled"—but he isn't. He's only absorbed in big things and can't play petty politics. He has to look after interparliamentary peace conferences, interview Kaisers, fight for the open door for immigration, look out for the beer interest. How can he look after the little things that interest the graft gang in St. Louis county? He's a national, an international, a world-wide personality—no longer a local celebrity. But that's the way with us. When a man has become really useful in Congress, we begin to "knock" him. We ought to be proud of him, instead of back-canning him.

Mr. Bartholdt has reached a stage in his career when he should not be considered as to party. He is in a way above party. He shouldn't have to fight for his seat against a lot of ward workers. He is useful to his district, his city, his State, as probably no other man of the Missouri delegation. His status is such that it is disgraceful it should be precarious.

Bartholdt is a philosopher. I believe his socialism isn't washed out, but is only in abeyance. He waits his time, and surely his peace work is socialistic. His opposition to sweeping restriction of immigration is socialistic. His championing of liberal laws is socialistic. His Republicanism is only skin deep. He represents that element in the Republican party which ought to be Democratic—the element that is not plutocratic, that is rather given to *bonhomie*. The journalist is too strongly ingrained in him to permit of his ever being a true plutocrat.

Bartholdt might have been Senator instead of Warner. He would have been, but the big brewing interest thought him more useful in the lower house. That interest financed the last Republican campaign in the State, and its views were heeded. All of which should make Bartholdt more socialistic.

Bartholdt, the statesman, doesn't impress us at home, as yet. We can't rid our minds of him as Dick. But he would be more thought of, if the mass of Missourians could see and hear him, as I did, talking to the President in the White House; if they could see him in Congress treated as one of the powers; if they could know how he is regarded in Europe from St. Petersburg to Madrid. The President of the Interparliamentary Peace Conference is one of the big men of the world, a leader in universal politics. He speaks and writes like a statesman. He holds his own with some of the world's greatest publicists. He is honored in high places. To think that, while all this is so, a lot of





ALBERT BLOCH

## RICHARD BARTHOLDT

*Kindly Caricatures No. 17.*

five politicians are figuring on controlling him or "disciplining" him at home is to be nauseated. To think of him at the mercy of some fellow who may want to buy his seat is to be humiliated in one's Americanism, and yet to be glad, for Bartholdt, for all his work and prominence and fame, is poor, and if he failed of renomination he'd have nothing in

the world outside of a small interest in a little St. Louis County newspaper. He has made everything but money.

All the while he remains Dick, somewhat of a Bohemian, when he has a chance, a thoroughly good fellow who isn't afraid to fraternize with any sort of man who may be interesting, an invincibly social

toss-pot and a talker to make you forget it's closing up time in the *brasserie*. He's as he was when he was a socialist editor, not certain how his paper was to get out from day to day. Suppose the big brewers do keep him in Congress—Busch and Lemp and Stifel and Koehler—it's something to put to the credit of the beverage.

## The Romance of Tristan and Iseult

Drawn From the Best French Sources and Re-Told by J. Bedier: Translated Into  
English by Hilaire Belloc

### III.

#### THE MADNESS OF TRISTAN.

WITHIN her room at Tintagel, Iseult the Fair sighed for the sake of Tristan, and named him, her desire, of whom for two years she had had no word, whether he lived or no.

Within her room at Tintagel Iseult the Fair sat singing a song she had made. She sang of Guron taken and killed for his love, and how by guile the Count gave Guron's heart to her to eat, and of her woe. The Queen sang softly, catching the harp's tone; her hands were cunning and her song good; she sang low down and softly.

Then came in Kariado, a rich count from a far off island that had fared to Tintagel to offer the Queen his service, and had spoken of love to her, though she disdained his folly. He found Iseult as she sang and laughed to her:

"Lady, how sad a song! as sad as the Osprey's; do they not say he sings for death? and your song means that to me; I die for you."

And Iseult said: "So let it be and may it mean so; for never come you here but to stir in me anger or mourning. Ever were you the screech owl or the Osprey that boded ill when you spoke of Tristan; what news bear you now?"

And Kariado answered:

"You are angered, I know not why, but who heeds your words? Let the Osprey bode me death; here is the evil news the screech owl brings. Lady Iseult, Tristan, your friend is lost to you. He has wed in a far land. So seek you other where, for he mocks your love. He has wed in great pomp Iseult of the White Hands, the King of Brittany's daughter."

And Kariado went off in anger, but Iseult bowed her head and broke into tears.

Now far from Iseult, Tristan languished, till on a day he must needs see her again. Far from her, death came surely; and he had rather die at once than day by day. And he desired some death, but that the Queen might know it was in finding her; then would death come easily.

So he left Carhaix secretly, telling no man, neither his kindred nor even Kaherdin, his brother in arms. He went in rags afoot (for no one marks the beggar on the high road) till he came to the shore of the sea.

He found in a haven a great ship ready, the sail was up and the anchor-chain short at the bow.

"God save you, my lords," he said, "and send you a good journey. To what land sail you now?"

"To Tintagel," they said.

Then he cried out:

"Oh, my lords! take me with you thither!"

And he went aboard, and a fair wind filled the sail, and she ran five days and nights for Cornwall, till, on the sixth day, they dropped anchor in Tintagel Haven. The castle stood above, fenced all round. There was but the one armed gate, and two knights watched it night and day. So Tristan went ashore and sat upon the beach, and a man told him that Mark was there and had just held his court.

"But where," said he, "is Iseult, the Queen, and her fair maid, Brangien?"

"In Tintagel too," said the other, "and I saw them lately; the Queen sad, as she always is."

At the hearing of the name, Tristan suffered, and he thought that neither by guile nor courage could he see that friend, for Mark would kill him.

And he thought "Let him kill me and let me die for her, since every day I die. But you, Iseult, even if you knew me here, would you not drive me out?" And he thought "I will try guile. I will seem mad, but with a madness that shall be great wisdom. And many shall think me a fool that have less wit than I."

Just then a fisherman passed in a rough cloak and cape, and Tristan seeing him, took him aside, and said:

"Friend, will you not change clothes?"

And as the fisherman found it a very good bargain, he said in answer:

"Yes friend, gladly."

And he changed and ran off at once for fear of losing his gain. Then Tristan shaved his wonderful hair; he shaved it close to his head and left a cross all bald, and he rubbed his face with magic herbs distilled in his own country, and it changed in color and skin so that none could know him, and he made him a club from a young tree torn from a hedge-row and hung it to his neck, and went bare-foot towards the castle.

The porter made sure that he had to do with a fool and said:

"Good morning, fool, where have you been this long while?"

And he answered:

"At the Abbot of St. Michael's wedding, and he wed an abbess, large and veiled. And from the Alps to Mount St. Michael how they came, the priests and abbots, monks and regulars, all dancing on the green with croziers and with staves under the high trees' shade. But I left them all to come hither, for I serve at the King's board to-day."

Then the porter said:

"Come in, lord fool; the Hairy Urgan's son, I know, and like your father."

And when he was within the courts the serving men ran after him and cried:

"The fool! the fool!"

But he made play with them though they cast stones and struck him as they laughed, and in the midst of laughter and their cries, as the rout followed him, he came to that Hall where, at the Queen's side, King Mark sat under his canopy.

And as he neared the door with his club at his neck, the King said:

"Here is a merry fellow, let him in."

And they brought him in, his club at his neck. And the King said:

"Friend, well come; what seek you here?"

"Iseult," said he, "whom I love so well; I bring my sister with me, Brunchild, the beautiful. Come, take her, you are weary of the Queen. Take you my sister and give me here Iseult, and I will hold her and serve you for her love."

The King said laughing:

"Fool, if I gave you the Queen, where would you take her, pray?"

"Oh! very high," he said, "between the clouds and heaven, into a fair chamber glazed. The beams of the sun shine through it, yet the winds do not trouble it at all. There would I bear the Queen into that crystal chamber of mine all compact of roses and the morning."

The King and his barons laughed and said:

"Here is a good fool at no loss for words."

But the fool as he sat at their feet gazed at Iseult most fixedly.

"Friend," said King Mark, "what warrant have you that the Queen would heed so foul a fool as you?"

"O! Sire," he answered gravely, "many deeds have I done for her, and my madness is from her alone."

"What is your name?" they said, and laughed.

"Tristan," said he, that loved the Queen so well, and still till death will love her."

But at the name the Queen angered and weakened together, and said: "Get hence for an evil fool!"

But the fool marking her anger went on:

"Queen Iseult, do you mind the day, when, poisoned by the Morholt's spear, I took my harp to sea and fell upon your shore? Your mother healed me with strange drugs. Have you no memory, Queen?"

But Iseult answered.

"Out, fool, out! Your folly and you have passed the bounds!"

But the fool, still playing, pushed the Barons out, crying:

"Out! madmen, out! Leave me to counsel with Iseult, since I come here for the love of her!"

And as the King laughed, Iseult blushed and said:

"King, drive me forth this fool!"

But the fool still laughed and cried:

"Queen, do you mind you of the Dragon I slew in your land? I hid its tongue in my hose, and, burnt of its venom, I fell by the roadside. Ah! what a knight was I then, and it was you that succoured me."

Iseult replied:

"Silence! You wrong all knight-hood by your words, for you are a fool from birth. Cursed be the seamen that brought you hither; rather should they have cast you into the sea!"

"Queen Iseult," he still said on, "do you mind you of your haste when you would have slain me with my own sword? And of the Hair of Gold? And of how I stood up to the Seneschal?"

"Silence!" she said, "you drunkard. You were drunk last night, and so you dreamt these dreams."

"Drunk, and still so I am," said he, "but of such a draught that never can the influence fade. Queen Iseult, do you mind you of that hot and open day on the high seas? We thirsted and we drank together from the same cup, and since that day have I been drunk with that awful wine."

When the Queen heard these words which she alone could understand, she rose and would have gone.

But the King held her by her ermine cloak, and she sat down again.

And as the King had his fill of the fool he called for his falcons and went to hunt; and Iseult said to him:

"Sire, I am weak and sad; let me be go rest in my room! I am tired of these follies."

And she went to her room in thought and sat upon her bed and mourned, calling herself a slave and saying:

"Why was I born? Brangien, dear sister, life is so hard to me that death were better! There is a fool without, shaven criss-cross, and come in an evil hour, and he is warlock, for he knows in every part myself and my whole life; he knows what you and I and Tristan only know."

Then Brangien said: "It may be Tristan."

But—"No," said the Queen, "for he was the first of knights, but this fool is foul and made awry. Curse me his hour and the ship that brought him hither."

"My lady!" said Brangien, "soothe you. You curse over much these days. May be he comes from Tristan?"

"I cannot tell. I know him not. But go find him, friend, and see if you know him."

So Brangien went to the Hall where the fool still sat alone. Tristan knew her and let fall his club and said:

"Brangien, dear Brangien, before God! have pity on me."

"Foul fool," she answered, "what devil taught you my name?"

"Lady," he said, "I have known it long. By my



head, that once was fair, if I am mad, the blame is yours, for it was yours to watch over the wine we drank on the high seas. The cup was of silver and I held it to Iseult and she drank. Do you remember, lady?"

"No," she said, and as she trembled and left he called out: "Pity me!"

He followed and saw Iseult. He stretched out his arms, but in her shame, sweating agony she drew back, and Tristan angered and said:

"I have lived too long, for I have seen the day that Iseult will nothing of me. Iseult, how hard love dies! Iseult, a welling water that floods and runs large is a mighty thing; on the day that it fails it is nothing; so love that turns."

But she said:

"Brother, I look at you and doubt and tremble, and I know you not for Tristan."

"Queen Iseult, I am Tristan indeed that do love you; mind you for the last time of the Dwarf, and of the flower, and of the blood I shed in my leap. Oh! and of that ring I took in kisses and in tears on the day we parted. I have kept that jasper ring and asked it counsel."

Then Iseult knew Tristan for what he was, and she said:

"Heart, you should have broken of sorrow not to have known the man who has suffered so much for you. Pardon, my master and my friend."

And her eyes darkened and she fell; but when the light returned she was held by him who kissed her eyes and her face.

So passed they three full days. But, on the third, two maids that watched them told the Traitor Andret, and he put spies well-armed before the women's rooms. And when Tristan would enter, they cried:

"Back, fool!"

But he brandished his club laughing, and said:

"What! May I not kiss the Queen who loves me and awaits me now?"

And they feared him for a mad fool, and he passed in through the door.

Then, being with the Queen for the last time, he held her in his arms and said:

"Friend, I must fly, for they are wondering. I must fly, and perhaps shall never see you more. My death is near, and far from you my death will come of desire."

"Oh friend," she said, "fold your arms round me close and strain me so that our hearts may break and our souls go free at last. Take me to that happy place of which you told me long ago. The fields whence none return, but where great singers sing their songs forever. Take me now."

"I will take you to the Happy Palace of the living, Queen! The time is near. We have drunk all joy and sorrow. The time is near. When it is finished, if I call you, will you come, my friend?"

"Friend," said she, "call me and you know that I shall come."

"Friend," said he, "God send you His reward."

As he went out the spies would have held him; but he laughed aloud, and flourished his club, and cried:

"Peace, gentlemen, I go and will not stay. My Lady sends me to prepare that shining house I vowed her, of crystal, and of rose shot through with morning."

And as they cursed and drave him, the fool went leaping on his way.

(To be Concluded.)

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## Blue Jay's Chatter

My Own Dear Jenny Wren:

NO, I should not think of coming back this winter, were I you, darling. In the first place you will find your vocal study sadly impeded as to progress—St. Louis is so far behind on the question of voice culture—and as for your piano work—

MERMOD, JACCARD & KING.

BROADWAY, COR. LOCUST.

## A Hall Clock

**A**DDS to the appearance of the home—it bespeaks taste and refinement; a house is more homelike that has a Hall Clock.

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If you live outside  
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for our new circular  
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that might go on satisfactorily, though I have large and lingering doubts. You ask for some information regarding the music situation—well ducky, here's the best I can do—you know our St. Louis "best" is none too good on that line, and I'm not a bit of a croaker, either, Jane.

Ernest R. Kroeger is one of the leading piano teachers, Jane—as you remember—he is painstaking and thorough, and will give you underground principles till the cows come home—his concert dash is about nil, however, and he is better on thorough bass than on platform appearance—a splendid composer, though, and not half appreciated in his home town. Boston went wild last winter over some orchestral works that he wrote, of which St. Louis has never even heard, I think. Mr. Kroeger is a delightful

gentleman, and with his wife now occupies a very prominent and interesting social position—they are much in demand, probably more than any other music couple in town. No, Mrs. K. does not tune up—she has more sense—they own four or five small children, and she leaves the tuning to them.

✱

The Alfred Ernsts are somewhat unique—two or three years ago, when you knew them—or, at least, Herr Ernst, you would have declared him impossible—along social tendencies, I mean. Some people still say so, but I stand committed on the score of a great improvement. He is not so terribly gauche, nor so wonderfully German—and has lost a goodly measure of his inordinate conceit. Nobody has ever questioned his music ability. I think him the greatest

piano master and the greatest concert conductor by long odds, that St. Louis has ever known—but his terrible manners and his inordinate presumption and rudeness, really, Jane, they were insufferable at times, and still break out in spots. Somebody who belongs to one of those women's music societies, like the Union Musical and the Morning Choral, told me not long ago, that Mrs. Halsey C. Ives is in the main responsible for his toning down—you remember what a dear she is—so mild and gentle—well, when Herr Ernst took charge of some one of those societies to which Mrs. Ives belongs, she just had a heart-to-heart conversation with His Highness, and insinuated some things that evidently stuck to his rather thick German skull, for the clubs all declare now that Mrs. Ives has tamed him in the most remarkable manner, and that she has only to beckon her little finger, and he will come, meek as Moses. There is nothing like pleasant communications, Jane, to foster good manners, but sometimes it doesn't do to mix your music, your Bohemian and your Westmoreland society—pick your people very carefully, Jane, when you want to give one of those delightful midnight suppers—with all the refreshments out of tin cans.

✱

I can well remember one to which we both were bidden a year or so ago, when a celebrated artist was in town, and the lady of Vandeventer place, who desired to lionize him, thought she had arranged a list of guests like unto no other. There was an even dozen, and we supped after the concert. The lion, who had played divinely and who looked soulful and interesting, was placed at table next that sweet, pretty young girl who just came out that winter—no, I won't write her name, either, for the story isn't a nice one. Well, we got along from caviar to lobster Newburg, and the champagne cup was doing good work. The lion hadn't said a word, except to reply affirmatively when invited to take more grub. Presently the sweet young girl threw a simple remark his way. His heavy countenance lit up, and as soon as that mouthful of club sandwich, lobster, dill pickles and Roquefort was assimilated, he smiled and began to tell her a German anecdote. She tried to head him off, playfully, by declaring that she didn't know any German, but it was no go. He finished the anecdote, at which he laughed very heartily, and after the consumption of more grub, started in on another yarn, also in German. The sweet Y. G. was by this time quite distressed, and her host, perceiving her embarrassment, changed his seat, as the supper table was informally conducted, and arrived next to her chair just in time to hear the finale, which, as he understood German, he readily perceived to be decidedly off color. Mad? He was the maddest man in seventeen states, Jane. He said a few quiet and decisive sentences to Herr Pianist, at which that estimable gentleman (?) subsided into his charlotte russe, and he then took the bewildered young girl under his wing for the rest of the supper. Other people near by, who knew the language of Kaiser Wilhelm, had also caught the drift of both these naughty stories, and that settled Herr Pianist in their minds, for keeps.

I would give you his name, Jane, except that I'm sure you will instantly recall the circumstance without any further hints on my part. He comes back to St. Louis every season, but he'll never be invited to that house again, you can just bet your last franc.

✱

But the musicians—let me see what other points I can give you—there are the Clinton Elders—very popular studio last year—the masculine Elder has had a good deal of operatic training, and his pupils, who seem all to have good voices, sing with oceans of style—I think he tries to force them all up high, Jane, but that is a common fault of most teachers—the youngest Handlan girl is one of his pupils, and when I heard her sing one afternoon at the Jefferson

Hotel, before the Handlans started off on one of those extensive summer resort campaigns of theirs—seven trunks apiece, Jane, and Papa with his check book handy, likewise Mamma Handlan and her ermine collar—really the little girl astonished me, so sweet was her voice and so nicely placed. They say young Eddie Lemp studies with either Elder or Mrs. Elder, and that he is training for the operatic stage—if so, he'll be the first Lemp to ever crawl out of that thick shell of Lemp reserve. Mrs. Elder is going to start a studio of her own, and stop playing accompaniments for her husband's pupils—something that is bound to result badly for both, I think. She is a corking good accompanist, and that is, after all, the main thing.

✱

Albert Wegman belongs to that Odeon bunch of musicians—he has had great success as a teacher of little girls, Jane, and has turned out some wonders, like that little Carradine girl, you remember? He is a nice fellow, and his pupils all adore him, actually—his clothes are so good looking—Oh, no, Jane, of course I don't mean they adore him for that reason, you quite understand, don't you, darling? But his moustache is such a dear, and he has such a lovely soft look out of his brown eyes when we play our scales right—it's the biggest inspiration I ever had—for scales—you know how tiresome they are usually.

There is a Madame Farish, who is French, and who seems to have a string of pupils—Mrs. Dave Calhoun studies with her, and at some charity musicale or other last spring I was quite surprised; Mrs. C.'s voice was so strong and good—she flirts some, it is true, but that might have been the bad day—it was raining. But what is one man's meat is another man's poison. You just ought to hear what Katherine Cunningham Pasquier has to say about the Farish methods. For my part, I like the French style—and I expect it is the one you will take best to, as you have been with Bonny so long.

✱

Somebody tells me Joe Buse—Buzay, not Booze, dear—is going to open a vocal studio just for ladies—and that he counts a good deal on his winning ways—won't that be nice? Perhaps you better not decide to come home until I find out if this Buse story is a duck or not—you see, Jane, I will not use any more cheap French expressions, so you can just expect plain English after this—and when I mean duck I shall say Joe—or, dear me, what do I mean, anyway?

✱

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line, and I hear startling rumors that John and Sam Davis have decided to buy up all the Odeon boxes for the season, and give them to friends for Xmas presents. Only hope it's true. The Davis liberality is so pronounced, you know, that we may quite expect it, dearest, may we not? But maybe Sam thinks he has to save money—I hear there is a layette in process of construction.

✱

Isaac Hedges is making so much money in real estate this summer that I expect he has forgotten the music muse and all her winning ways. He's also a banker, now. His wife used to sing German *lieder* pretty well—but she sings them only to their youthful son, now, I guess. Ike has turned out to be a pretty foxy sort of chap—expect it won't be long before he'll get into politics and hobnob with Folk—they kind of belong to the same class, in my mind, Jane.

✱

But I'm forgetting the music information, Jane—do forgive me, darling, I'm so terribly erratic—Alfred Robyn is heading a new club this winter—the Amphibians, I think they call themselves—their biggest pull is to get some celebrated soloists, as they are all young and green on the chorus question. Robyn



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is expected to come home,—he is abroad now—and marry Elma Rumsey. but expectations of that sort are seldom realized, my angel, have you not noticed? And I doubt if Elma would have him, any way. She is on to all his curves by this time, and I tell you solemnly, Jane, that tying up to Alfred Robyn would be similar to yoking with an eel—sinuous and slippery—you would better not count on studying with him, for I don't think he teaches piano any more—he will probably tell you that he will "coach" for about ten dollars a minute, and when you get out to his house, you will wait several hours, and then get a nice "jolly" from the rollicking Robyn, while he chants the charms of his newest collaboration with Blossom, and plays over a new little song by A. G. Robyn, for your alleged criticism. But, my dear, he has style, oh, loads of it, and if you can ever pin him down to straight business—I don't say this can be done, but it has been—infrequently—he is of invaluable assistance, only so unreliable—never keeps business engagements, and acts like a spoiled child most of the time—hang the artistic temperament, any way, Jane. What business has it with a big allowance of liberty and license? Mr. Grolock, the carriage man, himself a fine singer as well as a money maker, is the Macenas of Robyn, and the Amphibians or Amphions, or whatever they call themselves.

Victor Ehling might suit you very well for your piano work—he is a brilliant teacher, has all the Viennese methods, and lots of enthusiasm for the young player—a charming gentleman, too, and you would gain much, I am sure. Is always very busy, so let me know and I will arrange if you come home in December. There are a lot of minor teachers, Jane, but I have only touched the big guns, for I know you want the best. You must cultivate Jessie Ringen and Mrs. Rowland—also Mrs. Robert Atkinson, when you get back—they are all the real stuff—Jessie and Mrs. A. have been traveling in Germany together this summer, and I also advise affiliation with that piano club to which you used to belong—Margery Ferriss, Georgie Wright Pettus, Clara Clark—they all belong, and it is good practice—Georgie is playing very well lately—I rather think she is one of our best amateurs.

My dear, how can I possibly make any social forecasts, or tell you what will be doing, and who is who? Society is in a fearfully mixed condition this year—never more so, and unless there is a big upheaval of some kind, and some new blood—and money—I don't look for much this winter. Harry Coudrey is going to propose E. T. Wood, who beat him for Congress, for membership in the St. Louis Club—at least, Wood has asked him to.

The debutantes are not promising—for there are only a few—Lulu Spencer will be coming along after Ruth's marriage in November, but Lulie needs a terrible lot of "git up and git" before she'll ever be able to hold her own—clothes don't always make the girl, you know—and I can only suggest that Lulie take

strong doses of Malt Nutrine or corned beef and cabbage until she gets her feet planted firm. She is a sweet looking girl, but Heavens, Maud—so lackadaisical!

Hazel Garrison comes out this fall—also rather unpromising, except that she will have Mrs. Horace Rumsey behind her, and her own gracious mother, Mrs. Oliver Garrison. It will take Hazel about two seasons to find her place, I think, and a whole lot of coaching from Louise Rumsey, Jane,—girls are not what they was in our day, are they?

Julia Lake is to be a debutante, but with the Dan Nugents gone off for a year or so, what on earth can Julia do? The Lakes can take her to the theaters—they have first night seats engaged months ahead at the Olympic every season—but theaters don't make a belle—and Mrs. Dan Nugent is a genius along that line—Mrs. Byron is too indolent and self-satisfied to care about society—and Mrs. Charles too busy with her children—I don't think Julia will have much fun unless she gets very busy.

Nellie Wickham is coming home from the Jamestown cottage, and will be out this year—she finished up at some exclusive school where Frances and Emily went before her, last June, and is quite as vivacious as Frances and as pretty as Emily. I have hopes for Nellie, but, by Jove, Jane, why on earth doesn't Ed Wickham brace up and do the best he can for his daughters? I've no patience with a father that doesn't care—or is too selfish to see that his girls are properly provided with escorts, and that they have the best that is going—parental responsibility, Jane, is a big proposition—and fathers can't blink it, even if they want to. The Wickham girls ought to be quite as important as the Catlin outfit, and you know as well as I, that they're not—by a long shot.

The Morton girls have been in mourning for so long that this season will make them almost debutantes—Alice ought to marry pretty soon—she has skipped about quite long enough—and there are ten others younger than herself—I advise Allen West or Walter McKittrick—either will be suitable, and not calculated to get in the way—though Allen is less amiable than Walter—will cable you, Jane, if anything happens after this hint—Jeannete is very lively and popular—she ought to be engaged by January.

There is a Longstreth girl—daughter of one of the Bevis girls—who was left a widow—that will come out this season. Her uncle, Lacey Crawford, had better settle down and see that she has a good time. Times are not what they used to was, Jane. A girl can't go her own gait, and land any where or any thing. It's a case of hard work and good steering, else she never meets the right people and ties up with some hopeless proposition, such as we have in mind, Jane, many times this last year. So Lacey wants to hustle and see that his pretty niece meets nice, eligible men, Jane, and that's the sober truth.

I understand that Mrs. William C. Stribling's daughter, Miss Thornburgh, will come out this winter, and Jane, let me rise to remark, that here is one

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debutante that will be properly launched. Margery was a nice little girl, as I remember her, and with that stunning mother of hers, she can't go very far wrong on the social road. Mrs. Stribling has become very domesticated since her re-marriage—and Stribling has had everything his own way, but it is high time the lovely lady was coming back into her own again, and I can only say to "W. C." that he would better take a rear pew for a while. What a terrible blow Bud Dozier did get, over her marriage, and why on the face of the earth did that lovely widow ever marry again, anyhow, anyway? Well, Jane, the ways of women—they be past understanding, *n est ce pas?*

Stella Wade and the Scullin boy are to be married soon—the Wades are tickled to death—all right—Stella is a nice girl and deserves a Scullin—and Marie is coming along soon. Papa Festus is just back from doing Paris with Jim Campbell—and something big will pop financially, soon, sure, or I don't know my Fes or my Jim.

I hear Adrienne Lucas is engaged to some unknown, impecunious and impossible youth living in Belleville or Cape Girardeau. May the saints forbid! The Lucas matrimonial ventures have been tragic enough—let Adrienne—who has always had more sense than the other girls—keep her eyes open and her wits alive. Don't do anything on this music matter till you consult me, Jane, and until then believe that I love you still. Ever thine ownest,

BLUE JAY.



## Gov. Folk and His Critics

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 1, 1905.

To the Editor of The Mirror:

While I am in favor of the modification of the existing Sunday law, so as to permit saloons to remain open on the first day of the week, and to dispense intoxicants under proper restrictions, yet, while it is a law, I believe that Gov. Folk should rather be commended than censured for properly enforcing it. While the law remains un-repealed and is not strictly enforced, any one, who has a spite against any particular dram shop keeper, may, at any time, make information against his enemy, and have his license revoked. I can name at least one case where that was done, and a saloon keeper deprived of his license for keeping open on Sunday, long prior to the term of office of Gov. Folk.

Whatever the pretense which is put forward, the fact remains, that those who are directly or indirectly trying to discredit Gov. Folk for his strict enforcement of this law, are violating their obligations as citizens, and are untrue to themselves, their neighbors, their city and State.

Now, is the fact that other laws are not enforced any excuse whatever for opposing the enforcement of this one? If there are other laws which are not being enforced, and if there is a public sentiment in favor of their enforcement, the public officials can soon be compelled to do their duty as to them.

As will be shown hereafter, our general Sunday law permits the sale on the first day of the week of provisions—bread, meat, vegetables and other articles of immediate necessity.

A few dry goods, clothing and hat stores in the outlying parts of the city keep open for a few hours on Sunday morning, for the accommodation of their neighborhoods. The only real violators of the law are those who on Sunday sell cigars, fountain soda, ice cream and candy. Therefore, let those who are so anxious that the whole Sunday law shall be enforced, attempt to arouse public indignation against the sale of these articles, and they will find that the law against their sale will be enforced as surely as they succeed in arousing the wrath of the people in the matter.

There are proper and reasonable arguments why, under proper restrictions, the sale of intoxicants on Sunday should be left to the option of the voters in the several subdivisions of the State. If a course similar to that adopted by the German-American Alliance is pursued, with perhaps the addition of a guaranty that all proper restrictions will be strictly observed, and a promise that the privilege will not be abused, and violators relentlessly reported and prosecuted, then it is possible that the law-making power can be induced to make some modifications of the law.

But it must be remembered that the unwritten law of all of our States, excepting possibly Louisiana, is not kindly disposed toward the sale of intoxicants, that this feeling is shared by a great many people who profess no religion, and who do not profess to be teetotalers. This public sentiment could not continue for any length of time if it owed its existence only to those who drink no intoxicants, or who are moved by religious motives. It is directed against the dramshop rather than against the drinker, partly from inherited prejudice and partly owing to the immense power in politics of the liquor element, which is by that element more generally used than by any other, with the result that many abuses of the privilege occur.

Whatever abuses and dangers accompany the liquor traffic, and whatever menace to the public welfare is caused by it, are, by reason of the fact that it

has had no police protection, much more acutely felt in small towns than in large cities.

The St. Louis Court of Appeals in State ex rel vs. Fort, 107 Mo. App. page 238, in an opinion rendered on May 24th, 1904, by Judge Bland, with the concurrence of all the judges, has given expression to this sentiment as follows:

But no one has a constitutional right to keep a dramshop. In this State the sale of intoxicants is prohibited by law, and the keeping of a dramshop is merely permissible on condition that certain statutory requirements are complied with. To refuse a license can work no irreparable injury to any one. The public is neither directly nor indirectly benefited by saloons; the reverse is generally true.

This being the sentiment of the people of the State in general, is it astonishing that the Legislature in the exercise of the police power of the State should look upon the dramshop as a great menace to the public welfare, and for that reason make more stringent laws against it than against other occupations? And is it astonishing that public sentiment, especially in the country districts, should insist that these laws be strictly enforced? If Gov. Folk required any excuse for considering the enforcement of the dram shop closing law of more importance than that of some other laws, then the fact that such a sentiment exists is a sufficient one.

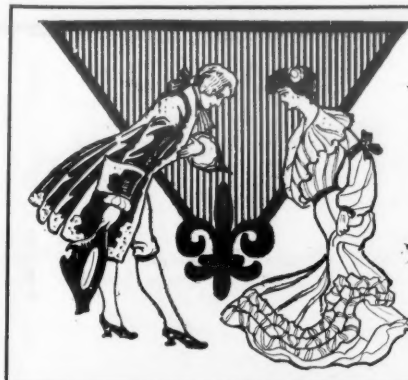
Whether we agree with him or not, we must admit that he has courage and back bone in acting as he does, especially if it be true, as most of his critics assert, that his course as to the Sunday law will ruin his future political career.

But there is another reason why these senseless agitations and these unfair criticisms of the Governor's course should cease, viz.: It injects into our politics a comparatively unimportant issue, with the effect that more momentous matters are relegated to the rear.

Every fair minded citizen must admit that Gov. Folk, by his courageous and straightforward conduct as Circuit Attorney, and as Governor of the State, has immensely benefitted the City of St. Louis and the State of Missouri. Aside from his successful warfare against corruption in the City of St. Louis, his achievements may be enumerated as follows: He broke up the State Democratic machine, and was nominated for Governor by the voice of the people themselves, on a platform which was a model of straightforwardness and honesty. In his first message to the Legislature he recommended laws dealing leniently with first offenders, and also urged on the Legislature the carrying out of the promises made by the Democratic party in its State platform. He favored the principle of home rule properly applied for the various subdivisions of the State, yet when the Legislature, partly in a spirit of partisanship and partly with a purpose of discrediting his efforts, passed a so-called "home rule law," which no man having the welfare of the people at heart could approve of, he promptly vetoed it. He has given us in St. Louis a Board of Election Commissioners composed of men against whose ability, fairness and honesty nobody has ever dared raise his voice. The men whom he appointed as Police Commissioners are above reproach, and that they have been managing police affairs without fear or favor, and without improperly interfering in elections is not doubted by any right-minded person.

If the saloon keepers are fair, they must admit that there never has been an Excise Commissioner who has accorded them fairer treatment than has Mr. Folk's appointee, Mr. Thomas E. Mulvihill.

Mr. Folk as Governor may, for aught I know, have made some mistakes of judgment, but that he is a wise, far-seeing, honest executive of the State,



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not be admitted by everybody who is improperly biased.

President Roosevelt, who has as little use for a fraud or a fakir as any man, and who is better able than most to discover whether a man is true or false, has gone out of his way to approve of Gov. Folk and his conduct, and especially of his action in enforcing the much hated Sunday law.

Are all these achievements of Folk to go for naught, and are we to discredit a man and place him in a false light before the people because he, in the honest discharge of his duty, enforces a law which prevents us from drinking liquors at a dramshop on Sunday?

Certainly every decent citizen who stops to think must answer this question in the negative.

I repeat that this whole Sunday controversy is too unimportant to have such a fuss made over it, as is being made, or to justify such unjust attacks as have been made against the executive of our State.

The critics of Gov. Folk have, for the purpose of discrediting him, made many statements which do not contain the whole truth, and made many flimsy arguments.

They claim, for instance, that a Sunday law is an attempt to unite Church and State; that it is an improper interference with a man's natural rights, that it is an unjust discrimination against dramshop keepers, who pay a license for the whole year, including the first day of the week.

Let us examine the Sunday law of this State and see what the facts are. The general Sunday law will be found in Revised Statutes of Missouri, 1899, from sections 2240 to 2245, both inclusive, and contain the following provisions:

SECTION 2240. SABBATH BREAKING:—"Every person who shall either labor himself or compel or permit his apprentice or servant, or any other person under his charge or control to labor or perform any work other than the household offices of daily necessity, or other works of necessity or charity, or who shall be guilty of hunting game or shooting on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and fined not exceeding fifty dollars."

SECTION 2241. The last section shall not extend to any person who is a member of a religious society by whom any other than the first day of the week is observed as a Sabbath, so that he observes such Sabbath.

SECTION 2242. HORSE RACING, ETC., ON SUNDAY. "Every person who shall be convicted of horse racing, cock fighting, or playing at cards or games of any kind, on the first day of the week commonly called Sunday, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and fined not exceeding fifty dollars."

SECTION 2243. SELLING GOODS ON SUNDAY. Every person who shall expose to sale any goods wares or merchandise, or shall keep open any ale or porter house, grocery or tippling shop or shall sell or retail any fermented or distilled liquor on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, shall, on conviction, be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor and fined not exceeding fifty dollars.

SECTION 2244. Last section construed. The last section shall not be construed to prevent the sale of any drugs or medicines, provisions or other articles of immediate necessity.

SECTION 2245. That it shall be a misdemeanor for any person to carry on the business of barbering on Sunday.

It will be seen that section 2240 permits labor to be done on Sunday where it comes under the head of household necessity or other works of necessity or charity. Under the provisions of this section street railroads are permitted to operate and breweries and other large manufacturing establishments are allowed to keep at work at their establishments, a sufficient number of men to prevent damage to articles in course of manufacture. Besides this, the housewife is permitted to do or direct her servant to do cooking and general house work, and the dead may be bur-

ied, without an infringement of this law.

It has been properly decided by Judge Moore of the St. Louis Court of Criminal Correction that barbering is a work of necessity under this section.

The strict enforcement of this section will inconvenience nobody, and as a matter of fact, it is generally observed.

The object of this section is to force masters to give their employes one holiday in seven, and the first day of the week is selected, because the great majority of our people consider that the natural holiday.

If any one doubts that this section is enacted especially for the benefit of the laborer, let him go before any labor union with a proposal for its abolition, and he will soon see his mistake.

But that Sunday is selected for convenience and not from religious motives, is also proven by the provisions of section 2241, which permits any person to labor on Sunday whose religion observes as a Sabbath any day of the week other than the first day, provided he observes such other day.

Section 2242 prohibits horse racing and gaming on Sunday. Our courts have construed the word game, as used in this section, to mean gambling, and not to include innocent games for amusement or outdoor exercise. Is this not a most wise provision and a most wise construction?

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If you think that this section should be repealed, try to raise a public sentiment against it, and you will soon see the error of your ways.

Section 2243 prohibits the sale of goods, wares and merchandise on Sunday, and also prohibits the keeping open of tippling shops on that day, and the sale of fermented or distilled liquor at retail.

This, however, is not the section under which dram shops are closed on Sunday. Section 3011 of the dramshop law is the warrant authorizing their closing on Sunday. Section 2244 excepts from the provisions of Section 2243 the sale of drugs, medicines, provisions and other articles of immediate necessity. Under this provision many grocery stores, meat and vegetable shops, and, in the outlying districts, dry goods stores keep open for a few hours on Sunday morning, and bakeries and drug stores all day. This may be justified under section 2244, but the sale of cigars and tobacco, fountain soda and candy can hardly be justified as necessities.

It will thus be seen that our Sunday laws, after all, consider the convenience of the people, and that no one is justified in complaining of the sections above cited as interfering improperly with the rights or conveniences of the people, and no political party in the City of St. Louis would dare to advocate their repeal.

Section 2245 prohibiting barbering on Sunday is no longer the law, because the Supreme Court of our State has declared the same to be unconstitutional.

Nor is the argument that such laws are an improper interference with the natural right of the citizens, a sound one.

Every person on becoming a member of a civilized community gives up certain of his natural rights, and the State in the exercise of its police power, for instance, takes one afflicted with small-pox from his home and friends and places him in a pest-house.

The right to nurse your own loved ones at your own home is certainly a much more sacred one than is the right to drink liquor on Sunday in a dramshop, yet you have never heard of any indignation meetings because of the action of the health authorities in removing (by force if need be), a member of a man's family to the small-pox hospital.

Nor is it true that dramshops pay their license for the whole year. When a dramshop keeper procures his license, he procures it upon the express condition that he will not keep open on a Sunday.

Every other business man obeys the Sunday closing law, but the dramshop keeper has heretofore deliberately violated the same. The discrimination has heretofore been in his favor, and not against him, and when he is forced to close up, no more is required of him than of other merchants, the only difference being that other people voluntarily obey the law, while he claims special privileges.

But it is said "Folk should have told us before the election that he intended to enforce the Sunday law, and then we would have voted against him."

Every decent citizen expects an official to enforce the laws, and certainly no one worthy of the name of man would vote for a candidate who would pledge himself, if elected, to violate his oath of office.

It has been told me several times that Gov. Folk before his election promised to Mr. Stuever and Mr. Lemp that he would not enforce the Sunday law. I told my informant that I did not believe it, nor do I believe it, because if I did, I could not have the high regard for Mr. Folk that I entertain. I mention this, because if it is true, Messrs. Stuever and Lemp should publicly proclaim it, and if it is not true, they should de-

nounce it as a vile slander against Mr. Folk.

Then it is said, "Mr. Folk should not have delayed the enforcement of the Sunday law until the Legislature had adjourned and deprived us of the opportunity to have the law modified."

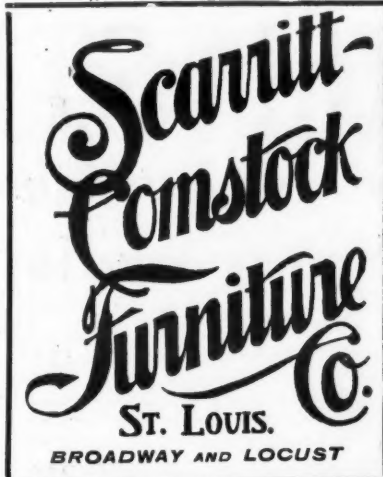
That this is the veriest nonsense any one may verify who will read the stringent provisions against dramshops adopted by the last legislature, in which, by the way, the Republicans had the majority. See pages 140, 141, 142 and 143, Session Acts, 1905.

If an attempt had been made to get that Legislature to amend the dramshop law, the laws would have been made more stringent instead of more liberal. Besides this, the law making the office of Excise Commissioner a salaried one, was passed so late in the session that it was approved only on March 26th, 1905, eight days after the legislature adjourned.

If the Excise Commissioner had been appointed before the law was passed, he might have claimed all the fees of his office under the old law. Therefore, the appointment was delayed until after the law was passed, so that no question as to salary could arise.

Under these circumstances would it be reasonable to expect the Governor to begin with the enforcement of the law, while the former incumbent was excise commissioner?

Mr. J. Hugo Grimm, in his recent widely commended letter to the Governor, complains that the law against



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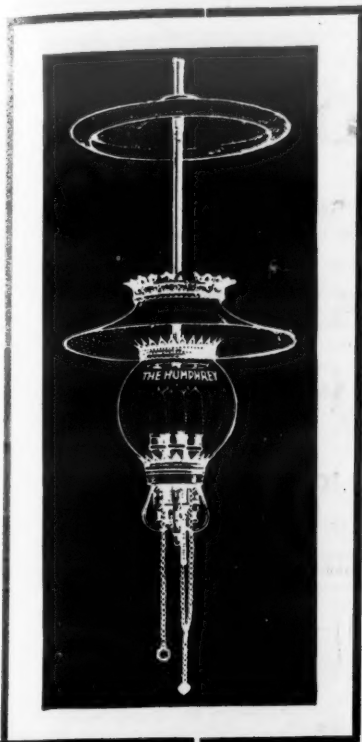
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prostitution and the renting of houses for such purposes is not more strictly enforced. If he deems it worth while, the Governor will, no doubt, give him a convincing answer.

But what does Mr. Grimm mean? If he, as a lawyer, dares to say, that because the Governor neglects his duty as to these houses, therefore he is wrong in enforcing the dramshop law, then he should say so in plain terms.

Besides this, is he not aware of the fact, that there is much less feeling in the community against the unfortunates who ply the "oldest trade" than against dramshops? That those who are injured by the renting of buildings for such purposes, can mulct the offending landlords in heavy damages? That the evils growing out of this trade would be reduced to a minimum, if most of the places were not operated in connection with a convenient saloon?

The first Excise Commissioner who seriously tried to enforce the law against the operation of saloons in the same building with such places was Mr. Mulvihill, Gov. Folk's appointee, when he notified quite a number of dramshop keepers that they would have to move, or cause the keepers of such resorts in the same building to move. A howl went up from some of the affected dramshop keepers, and the brewers, who were backing them, that they had leases on their places, and would lose money if they moved. It did not seem to occur to them that they had a right to abandon their leases, if their lessor rented a part of their building for such purposes, or that they might complain to the police authorities, who would force these people to move in short order.

In this connection one is reminded, that if dramshop keepers wish to rehabilitate themselves with the public, there is no more effectual way of doing this, than to absolutely refuse to permit any such establishments to exist in the same building with them.

Thus, every complaint made against Gov. Folk's course in the matter of the Sunday law can easily be refuted to the satisfaction of any right-minded person.

Therefore, those who really wish the Sunday law to be modified as to the sale of liquor, and who do not howl against Folk for their own political ends, had better, in the language of President Roosevelt, "whistle softly," otherwise they will discover when the next Legislature meets, that instead of getting out of the woods, the latter will grow more dense. Yours very truly,

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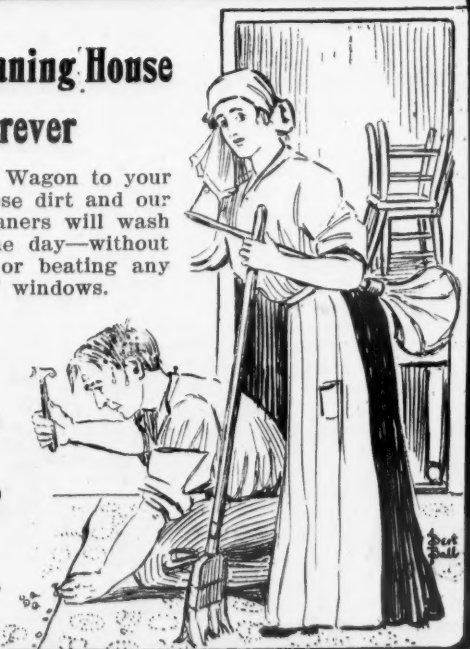
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## Local Securities

Quite a large amount of money was sent to St. Louis banks from New York last week. The shipment, on one day, was \$200,000. This movement is due, of course, to crop-moving exigencies. Interest rates remain steady at 4 to 5½ per cent. Drafts on New York are quoted at 5 discount bid, 5 cents premium asked. Sterling exchange is weak and lower, being quoted at \$4.85½. Berlin exchange is quoted at 95.05, and Paris at 5.17.

United Railways preferred proved the leading stock, in the past week, in point of activity. The large earnings of the company, which would assure a permanence of dividend payments on the preferred, tend to make the stock popular with investors. At 80, the shares pay slightly over 6 per cent on the investment, a yield more attractive than that held out by most other St. Louis securities. There can be no question but that the company intends firmly to maintain the payment of 5 per cent dividends, and, this being the case, investors who are not afraid of some risk, may be pardoned for making purchases around the current level of 81¼. The common voting certificates are neglected; they move in a feeble, listless way. The last sale was made at 29¼, representing a slight advance over the price of a week ago. The 4 per cent bonds are offered at 87, with 86¼ bid. There has been little or no demand for them in the last few days.

Very few changes occurred in the bank and trust company group latterly. The buying demand has been checked by the disturbed state of affairs and feeling in Wall street. However, no pressure to sell can be noticed. Missouri-Lincoln is going at 144½ in indifferent amounts. The demand is neither urgent, nor representative. For Bank of Commerce 343½ is bid, 344 asked, with inquiry very limited. For Mississippi Valley 380 is asked, with no bids at this writing. Other shares are barely mentioned at practically unchanged quotations.

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By establishing the habit of calling for A. B. C. BOHEMIAN you insure that purity in your beverage that comes from the best material and modern, scientific brewing methods. Order from the American Brewing Co.

## Theatricals

THE PIPPS.

Mr. Augustus Thomas' latest comedy, "The Education of Mr. Pipp," at the Century this week, is an artistically and deliciously funny portrayal of one of the most peculiar phases of our national life—to wit, the almost insane efforts of the ignorant nouveau rich mother to land herself, her eligible daughters, and her mildly protesting yet yielding husband, in the lap of nobility, and mayhap catch a title or two. And the picture is not overdrawn or exaggerated in the least. Mr. Thomas is as true in the inspiration that moves him—the features of Charles D. Gibson. He has the same style or "form."

In the case of the *Pipps* of Pittsburg, as in the majority of such cases, the husband who has amassed the money on which the rush toward royalty is made, is not consulted on the important and revolutionizing transitions in his domestic affairs, he is simply commanded, reduced to the condition of the hen-pecked spouse.

Perhaps were this husband played by any other than Digby Bell, the comedy would lose half its force. Mr. Bell has scored many comic opera successes, but it is doubtful if he has ever made such a clean cut and brilliant characterization as he does in the role of the down-trodden Mr. Pipp, former iron puddler, but now millionaire. Mr. Bell has caught the spirit of the playwright, and what's more, he knows or seems to know the true condition of the subservient husband and the vagaries of women. His abject submission to all the whims and fancies of Mrs. Pipp, in her presence, and his vehement, and protesting almost rebellious attitude when she is beyond earshot are crowning features of his work—real comedy and a real treat.

But to Mr. Bell does not belong all the glory and praise for the pleasurable entertainment. Helen Tracy is not to be forgotten. Her interpretation of Mrs. Pipp, the parvenu, approaches close to perfection, the crowning triumph of her long and honorable career as an actress. She is almost the equal of Mr. Bell. Her efforts to master the French language, for which purpose she has engaged a bogus French count as tutor, her ideas and confusion of gender, and her use of French expressions and pronunciation are finished pieces of comedy. She is an ideal "bounder," as they term it in society.

Another actor who is deserving of commendation is W. S. St. Clair, who plays the somewhat difficult part of the bogus Count Charmarot. Mr. St. Clair is a thorough master of the dialect, or twang that is so noticeable in the attempt of a Frenchman to speak English, and he is in appearance, as well as in speech, the ideal French adventurer, and he makes a first-class villain. As much cannot be said, however, for his co-partner in villainy, Sam Coit, who takes the part of the bogus Duc de la Touraine.

C. Jay Williams, who is the third partner of Count Charmarot, hasn't much to do or say, but he does and says that little well.

The Gibson girls in the piece, who take the parts of the daughters of the *Pipps*, are the ideal American beauties. Janet Beecher is a very charming *Ida*, and Adele Lueberman, is an equally attractive *Julia*. They participate in the pretty little romance which runs through the comedy, and after some difficulties in circumventing Mrs. Pipp's aversion to the common herd, eventually capture the husbands of their choice. Fred Courtenay and Robert Warwick, the Gibson men, are admirable heart-breakers, and not at all bad actors.

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at the pretty little Garrick this week—a combination of chile con carne, chop suey, hot tamales, the mustard, the tobacco and a bunch of goodies. It's the real thing, is "The Filibuster," an eye-opener of mirth and music. You can't help enjoying it even if your liver is bad. Though it is the first production of the piece, everything moves easily and smoothly, pushed along by a dozen or more very clever stage folks. There isn't much in the way of plot—just enough to hang the characters on, and one forgets that there is a plot at all after the first act.

Charles P. Evans, who made all of us laugh in the days of Evans and Hoey of the happy past, takes the leading part, that of *Benton Scoops*, war correspondent, and incidentally takes the house. His comedy is refreshing, and his singing and dancing are the real articles. But in close pursuit, if not the equal of Mr. Evans, is Mr. Frank Lalor as *Bunny Hare*, the amateur hero of filibustering expeditions and chile con carne revolutions. Mr. Lalor is something new and laughable to look upon in the comedian line. He is a composite picture of all the clever fun makers, past and present, and he has his auditors hanging on the ropes from the time he enters until he quits the stage. Both Messrs. Evans and Lalor receive good support in their work, especially from Mrs. Helen Phillips, a clever lady who plays the comedy part of *Bouncing Bet*, the Bo'sn's Baby. Adam Dockray, in the minor part of *Bolivar*, a professional union revolutionist, who goes on strikes at critical stages, is also to be commended. The Misses Kate Condon and Isabel Hall, in the musical numbers, are sure enough hits. Miss Condon still possesses the pretty face; and, if anything, a sweeter voice, than when she was wont to entertain us some time ago at Music Hall. Mr. Theodore Friebe, revolution promoter, and Mr. Frank Turner, lieutenant of the filibustering expedition, are also amusing and interesting. In fact, every individual in the company handles his or her part intelligently. The ensembles and chorus effects are striking and original. The music is of the whistly order, and plentiful. The piece is beautifully staged, the costumes are handsome, and the scenic effects in keeping with the other features. And for girls, "The Filibuster" can't be beat.

JOHNNY MARCHES.

If there were injected into the first act of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," a little more of comedy, and, perhaps, a little less crinoline, the production would make a better first impression. However, there are plenty



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of laughs in the other act to satisfy the most exacting.

The revival of the piece at the Olympic this week is very attractively done. The military scenes, the music and the hoop skirt dances of the chorus are excellently presented.

W. P. Carleton, in the part of *Johnny*, or *Col. John Graham*, sings better than ever. His voice is melodious and strong. Perhaps he is at his best in the singing of "Love Light," a very pretty song, with Grace Vaughn, who takes the part of *Kate*.

The company is extraordinarily large, and gives intelligent support to the principals.

James Francis, in the low comedy part of *Jonathan Phoenix*, keeps the audience in roars.

Sara Carr as *Mrs. Pemberton*, Harry Kelly as *Major Walker*, Donald MacKenzie as *Felix Graham*, C. D. Burt as *Uncle Tom*, May Belding as *Robert*, Bertha Darel as *Cordelia*, Jean E. Salisbury as *Amelia*, and May Roche as *Susan*, are other capables in the cast.

Florence Bindley, the petite and charming miss we saw last season at the Grand in "The Street Singer," is at the Grand in a new musical comedy, "The Belle of the West," a piece that may be said to be more suited to her accomplishments. Miss Bindley has a voice that makes up in sweetness what it lacks in power. She renders several solos, and has other opportunities besides to display her promising talent. She is well supported by the others in the company. "The Belle of the West" is tolerable good entertainment.

"Secret Service Sam," a good detective drama, which is the bill at the Imperial, is furnishing Imperial patrons with plenty of entertainment. It is a piece in which surprises follow one another in rapid succession. Charles T. Aldrich, in the title role, does lots of clever work along Sherlock Holmes lines, and as a character change artist. He is ably supported by the other members of the company. Miss Ethel Martin and Henry Cowley are clever "villains," and Miss Ethel Brownfield is almost the ideal heroine for such a play. The specialties of Ada St. Alsa and Charles R. Crolius are good seasoning.

"The New Century Burlesquers" at the Standard present a musical farce, "The Taking Mr. Raffles," in which several clever members of the company shine conspicuously. The piece is full of laughs. The specialty bill which follows presents Adelaide Marsden in vocal selections; Barry and Wolford in funny talks; Salbini and Grovini, juggling cyclists; Barnes and Stockwell, Halley and Meehan and others in a variety of stunts novel and interesting. The closing burletta, "In South Dakota," takes the house.

Melbourne MacDowell and his company have been presenting "Gismonda" at the Odeon this week, in a thoroughly artistic manner. Mr. MacDowell takes the part of *Almerio*, the falconer, and Miss Jessaline Rodgers, that of *Gismonda*. The production is perfectly staged, and the famous church scene admirably depicted. The attendance has been very good.

"The Trocadero Burlesquers" are putting up a splendid performance at the Gayety. Brinn, the juggler and weight-lifter, is really a wonder in some of his work. He calls his turn "Pastimes on a Battleship." The other attractions are up to the standard. Two musical farces are cleverly executed.

Miss Wynne Winslow, a St. Louis girl who has just completed two successful years in high class vaudeville, is singing at the Alps this week, and singing admirably. Miss Winslow is a con-

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The Standard's bill for next week is one of the biggest and best vaudeville shows coming to that house, "The Mascottes."

"The Jersey Lillies" will follow "The Trocadero Burlesques" at the Gayety opening next week, with a Sunday matinee.

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